

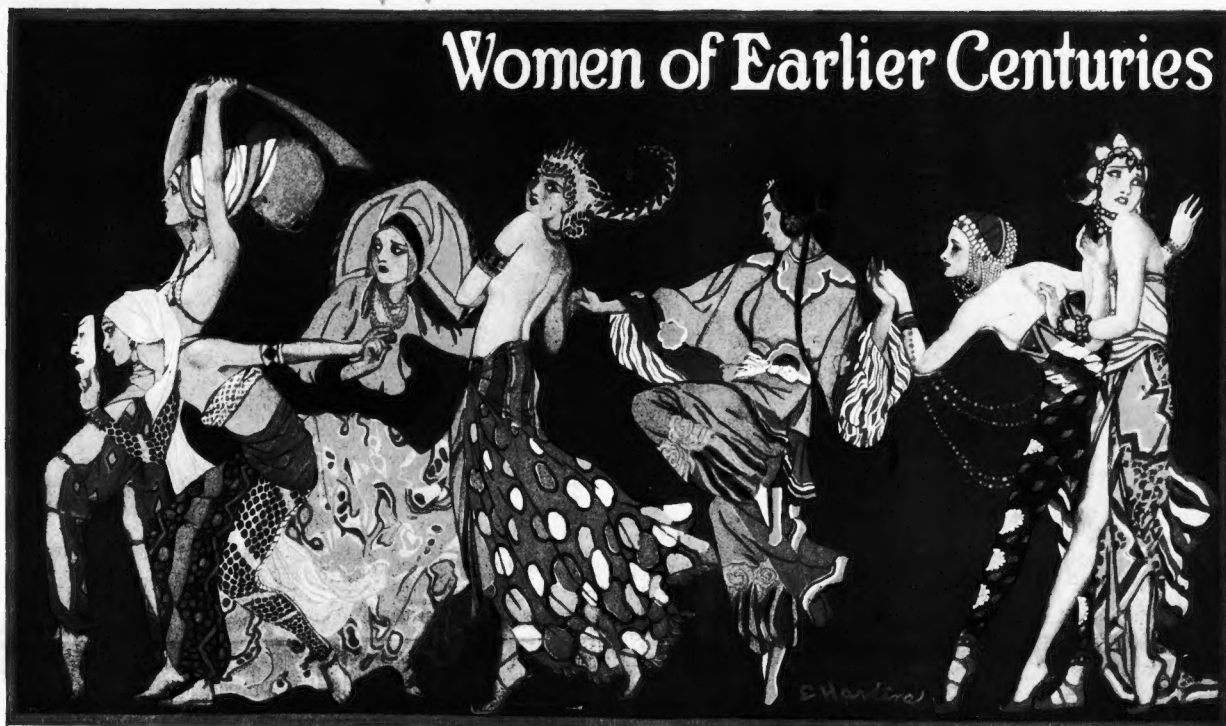
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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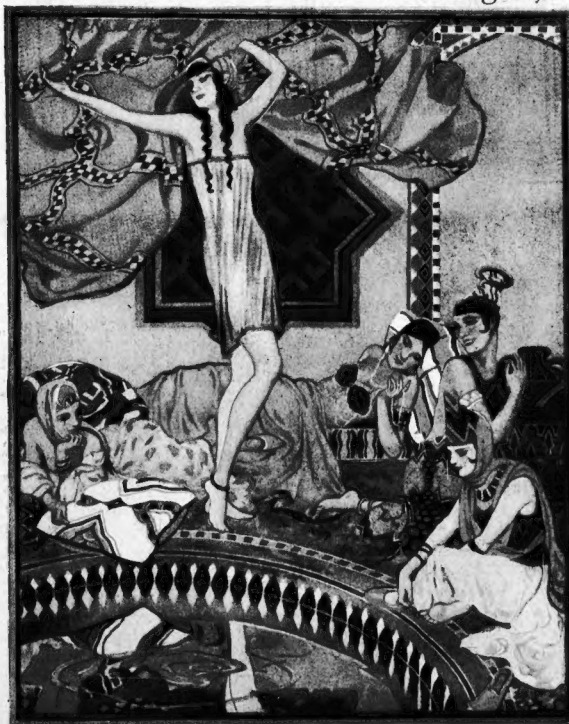
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Sunday, Nov. 27, 1932

Women of Earlier Centuries



BLUEBEARD'S WIVES—Paintings by Miss E. Harding, the British Imaginative Artist



The Harem Bathing Pool.



In a Persian Garden

Speeding Mile-Long Freight Trains Over the Ocean

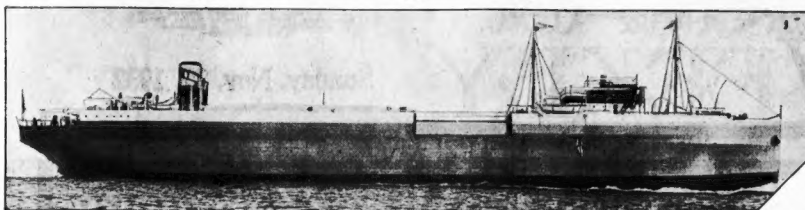


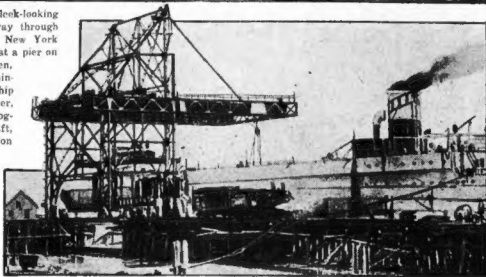
Diagram of the Train Ship, Showing the Deck Construction. A—The Point Where the Ship Is Loaded and Unloaded. Cradles Are Provided for All Four Tracks on Each of the Three Lower Decks. The Top Cradles Are Water-tight and Serve Also as Hatch Covers. B—Section of the Ship Showing Its Three Decks, With Four Tracks on Each Deck.

A FEW weeks ago a sleek-looking steamer made its way through the busy traffic of New York harbor and was made fast at a pier on the waterfront of Hoboken, New Jersey. To the uninitiated observer, the ship looked like an ordinary tanker, but to sailors who recognized the shining new craft, she is a seagoing innovation as different from a tanker as the modern battleship is from the little "cheese box on a raft" of Civil War days.

Her name is the "Sea-Train" and her ultra-modern job, as the photographs and the sketch on this page show, is to transport freight cars loaded with a great variety of products between New York, New Orleans and Havana.

The ship is 478 feet long, has a beam of 63 feet and her four decks are fitted with railroad tracks just like those to be found in rail terminals on land. The giant crane shown in one of the photographs picks loaded freight cars off the rails on the dock, hoists them high in the air, swings them over the big open hatchway on the "Sea-Train" and lowers them gently to the tracked decks where 100 cars can be efficiently and securely stowed.

The crane and the other apparatus for handling the freight cars is so efficient that it can—and does—unload 100 cars from the ship and load 100



The Huge Derrick Beside the Docked Ship. It Is Designed to Unload 100 Cars and Then Load Another 100 Aboard the Ship in Ten Hours. The Stevedore Method Requires Six Days for This Job.

And Above—The Steamship Sea-Train. Built Especially for Transporting Freight Cars. The Vessel, Photographed in New York Harbor, Is 478 Feet Long, With a 63-Foot Beam, Carries 100 Cars, and Travels at 16½ Knots an Hour.

cars in 10 hours. To handle the same amount of cargo in the usual way would require a large crew of stevedores and at least five or six days of work.

This speed of handling freight at the dock is matched by the speed of the "Sea-Train" when she is on the high

seas, for her powerful engines drive her through the water at 16½ knots

an hour, which gives her the distinction of being the fastest freighter that floats.

The steamer that docked in Hoboken, took on her cargo of freight cars and

steamed out to sea is not the only "Sea-Train" in service. In fact she is the new and somewhat improved sister of a similar craft which has been making regular trips between New Orleans and Havana since 1929. And she is the first vessel of her progressive type to load and unload cargo in New York harbor.

It is the claim of the operators of the Sea-Train that they modernize

transportation in three ways: They make it possible to handle freight at the dock and in the original package (the freight car) in which that freight is packed at its starting point, and in which it can be delivered at its destination. They extend the country's railway systems beyond the shores of the country itself, thus adding thousands of waterway miles to the network of rails which spread from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And, finally, they provide a speedy, safe and inexpensive means of shipping goods overseas.

A third Sea-Train is soon to be put into service between this country and Cuba and the day may not be far distant when similar ships may carry freight cars across the Atlantic and the Pacific, thus linking up the railroads of two hemispheres.

Lost Her Love and \$3,000,000.

ROMANCE and wealth are the two things about which most people dream and for which they strive. Mile. Renee Renate, the pretty Viennese actress seen in the photograph at the right, thought that Fate had decreed that she should have both these highly desirable possessions in good measure, because she was the fiancée of an ardent and dashing young man named Paul Weiner who happened to be the heir to a fortune of \$3,000,000.

The first rude shock to her bright dreams came with the reading of the will of Paul's father who seems to have felt a strong aversion for actresses in general and for Mile. Renate in particular, for he stipulated plainly in his last will and testament that if his son married Renee, he would forfeit his right to any part of the \$3,000,000.

This turn of affairs was a course, something of a disappointment to the actress because, like a lot of other

people, she knows the sense of certainty and the earthly comforts that come with a generous bank balance. But the eccentricities of the elder Weiner didn't upset her much or for long, because she is the sort of person who values romance beyond worldly possessions. Besides, she enjoys a substantial income from her work on the stage and she is not afraid of work. She preferred to look on the bright side of the picture and to philosophize that the loss of a princely inheritance would serve to bind her and her betrothed closer together.

Then came the second and sadder shock to her hopes. Her fiancé pondered the difficult problem presented by the terms of his father's will. He visualized what life would be like without the means to live in the manner in which he had been brought up—and he decided against romance and the \$3,000,000. Thus was Renee Renate denied a fiancé and a fortune.

But Renee is taking the latest shock as best she can. She is disdaining the good old American custom of appealing to the courts for sympathy and financial help. The idea was proposed to her by enthusiastic press agents, but the young woman asserted she does not care for publicity that would cheapen her in the estimation of the public.

The World Champion Bloodhound

ENGLISHMEN take their dog-raising as seriously as they do their afternoon tea and their cricket. With them breeding to a standard is an exact science which, now and then, produces a remarkable animal.

Such a dog is Leo, the long-faced canine looking sadly out of this page, at the right. Leo, for all his furrows and his somber eyes, is a top-notch, unhappy-looking result of many generations of selection and rejection. His pedigree fills a small book and anyone who knows anything about the deep-voiced, long-eared, keen-nosed

breed will recognize Leo as a champion. The judges at the recent British Kennel Show staged in London recognized practical perfection in Leo's homely countenance and his big black-and-tan body the moment they cast their appraising eyes on him. They measured his ears, his legs and his tail with a tape measure. They counted the furrows in his frown lines. They put him on scales and when they finished their professional maneuvers they attached a big blue ribbon to his collar and proclaimed him champion.



UNUSUAL STUDY of Leo, the World Champion Bloodhound, Owned by Mrs. F. H. Elm, of London.

He Was Crowned at Crystal Gardens at the Recent Kennel Show.



The Macabre Occupation of Miss Nada Girri, of Los Angeles, Is the Painting of Hundreds of Plaster Skulls Made by Her Brother for Classroom Use.

Mile. Renee Renate, Whose Fiance Gave Her Up Because He Had the Choice of Marrying Her or Claiming a Fortune of Three Million Dollars. He Chose the Fortune, Leaving the Viennese Actress With Only an Engagement Ring.

How'd You Like Her Job?

THE mere thought of skulls and skeletons gives most people the shivers because it suggests to them the inescapable end to which all things mortal must come. That's why Miss Nada Girri, of Los Angeles—the smiling young woman shown in the photograph at the left—has no fear that anyone will come along to take her job away from her, even in times when jobs are scarce and people are willing to do almost anything to make a living.

Miss Girri is a skull painter. Her job is to put the finishing touches on artificial duplicates of human skulls so that they will look convincing and natural when they are used in the classrooms of schools and colleges for the instruction of pupils in anatomy.

The skulls on which she works are made by her brother, Leon Girri, whose job is even more macabre than hers because he fashions his pseudo skulls from real ones so that they will be accurate in every detail. In the course of a year, the Girris turn out about 3,000 sculptural likenesses of the fleshless heads of departed humans.

When she started on her unusual profession, Nada confessed that she was handicapped a little by the common aversion for the symbols of death and disintegration on which she had to labor. But she soon saw the absurdity of being so impressionable and as she puts it so childishly superstitious.

How completely she has overcome her qualms can be seen in the picture, for the skull which she has directly in front of her is not one of her brother's plaster fabrications, but a real skull which was used as the model for some of those she has touched up with bone-colored paint.

Pretended Death to Test His Friends

INSPIRED by curiosity and his weakness for playing practical jokes, Leon Barst, a citizen of Marseilles, France, "played dead" and invited his best friends to attend the French equivalent of an Irish wake. With the help of a couple of intimate friends in on the "joke," he sent out black-bordered death notices, bought himself a coffin and a lot of flowers and awaited the arrival of the mourners.

How he staged the grim stunt. Monsieur Barst transformed himself into a convincing corpse and climbed into the coffin a few moments before the first of the friends reached his house. When all the guests were assembled, and while they were gazing sadly on the pallid features of the "deceased" one, the conversation was turned around to Monsieur Barst's life and works. The steering was done by one of the intimates who helped stage the grim stunt.

If the "deceased" expected to hear any adverse criticism of himself, which he lay in his coffin taking in the sober conversation, he was disappointed, because no one had anything but praise for his way of living. They talked in low voices of his generosity, of his great personal charm. Some of the mourners recalled that he was something of a wit and others went so far as to place him in the category of the lesser philosophers of his time. No one

had a word of ill to say of the man whom they had been asked to leave a void in the lives of them all.

During a lull in the conversation, the "corpse" suddenly lifted his pale head from the satin pillow in the casket and sat upright. His eyes opened and so did his mouth.

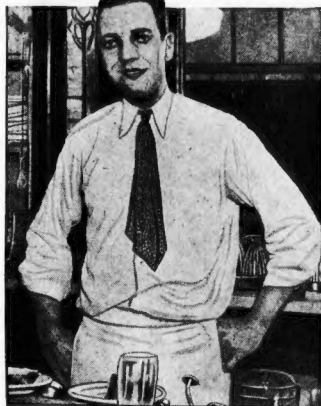
"My friends," he said, "it has been a pleasure to find out just what you think of me. I hope you don't mind my manner of satisfying my curiosity." A few of the harder individuals present were able to join, half-heartedly, in the laughter of the "dead" man and those who assisted him with his grim hoax. But most of the mourners were so dumfounded at the resurrection of Monsieur Barst that they merely stared, silent and pop-eyed at the perpetrator of the joke, if it deserves to be called that.

One man, a particularly close friend of the Frenchman who had suffered with heart trouble for several years, was so upset by the sight of a dead man come to life, that he collapsed and died a few hours later, without regaining consciousness.

His widow, as soon as the real funeral was over, went into the civil court to sue M. Barst for the loss of her husband's companionship and financial support. It was only on the expert advice of her lawyers that she did not charge the practical joker with murder.

"Too Pretty to be a Poor Man's Wife"

So Wilma Bratek Divorced Her Soda-Fountain-Clerk Husband and Married a Rich One—But Her Happiness Was Short, and She Pondered the Way Her Wealthy Husband's First Wife Ended Her Troubles With a Bullet



John Bratek, the Soda-Fountain Clerk, Who Lost His Pretty Wife to His Wealthy Rival.

"YOU are too pretty to be a poor man's wife. You should aspire to finer and better things."

John Bratek, soda fountain clerk of St. Louis, is using wealthy Mr. Archibald C. Loud, investment broker and heir to the August Blanks candy fortune, in a hundred thousand dollar alienation-of-affections suit, asserting that the candy man whispered those sweet words in the pink little ear of the soda man's wife, Wilma Mason Bratek.

Strange things have happened to Wilma's ears since then. For one thing she has almost lost her hearing, and perhaps thinks she hears the voice of Mr. Loud's first wife, "calling from eternity."

But Mr. Bratek says that she heard the candy man's whisper, and began to aspire to and collect those "finer and better things" which consisted of finer underwear, jewelry, a pedigreed police dog, instead of just a "mut," much cash, a divorce from her poor husband and marriage to the rich Mr. Loud.

Mr. Loud happened to be married and to have a three-year-old daughter at the time. When a rich man wants a new deal in matrimony it usually costs him a pretty penny in alimony, counsel fees, custody-of-the-children allowance, etc. All these expenses Mr. Loud escaped because Mrs. Loud, as soon as she heard that her husband wanted her to get out in favor of another woman, took a revolver and obligingly removed herself from the world entirely.

So poor but pretty Wilma married her wealthy admirer and could now wear her expensive clothes and flash her jewelry while as a "soda-jerk's" wife she could not afford such things. At last she had everything she wanted, and her new husband who had always had everything he wanted except the right woman, now had that, too. Therefore everything seemed set for this couple to live happily ever after.

But it did not turn out that way. As they returned from the wedding ceremony to the groom's expensive estate, did the bride begin to feel strange little shudders, which may have developed into a severe nervous chill soon after she entered this home that had once been another woman's pride? The place was known as Shadow Hill. Deep patches of shade from the tall trees spotted the broad lawn, but over the house itself was there an invisible shadow? For it was here, one afternoon, that the first Mrs. Loud had committed suicide.

A novelist dramatizing this strange story would have the servant who opened the door for the newly-wedded hand her new mistress a letter that had just arrived. With a thrill the bride would look at the address and for the first time read her new title, "Mrs. Archibald C. Loud."

She would be shown as she eagerly tore it open to see which dear friend had been so thoughtful as to get her or her good wishes to her at this important moment. But it would not be a wish nor a letter from a friend. The envelope would contain

no writing at all—just a couple of photographs of a marble monument which the bride would intuitively know must be the figure of "Grief" which the parents of the first Mrs. Loud had placed over their unhappy daughter's grave.

The base of the statue beneath the grief-stricken figure was three and a half feet high and on it was carved the suicide's farewell note, legible even in the photograph:

"My precious ones, the heart is crushed out of me. Tell my baby how I loved her. Good Bye—all mine."

"Mildred."

Another inscription read:

"Her voice is calling from eternity." The dramatist would picture the bride looking up from these pictures to the smiling, attentive faces of the servants and the even more attentive face of her wealthy husband. The house was cozy and warm, the sun streaming in the windows, yet perhaps she felt a chill as from the tomb, as she followed her husband through the great house that was now hers.

Mr. Loud took his unhappy bride away from the shadows of Shadow Hill to sunny California, but things were no better. Twice she returned to St. Louis for treatment by an ear specialist, who warned her that unless she was careful she might lose her hearing entirely. Mrs. Loud was careful but while she was saving the usefulness of her ears she lost the candy man who had made so much trouble for her—on all other specifications he was quite satisfactory. If her second husband can collect \$100,000 from her third husband, that ought to correct Number Two's only fault and make him just about perfect. Therefore, if after he has done this, John should whisper the right words in that same pink ear, she might be able to hear him.

Even if and when Bratek has gotten his \$100,000 and Mrs. Loud has collected her allowance, Mr. Loud may still have more money than Bratek, but this will be more than counterbalanced by the fact that Archie is

Mrs. Wilma Bratek Loud, Too Pretty to Be a Poor Man's Bride, but Who Could Not Find Happiness, Either, as a Rich Man's Wife.

Good Bye—all mine."

"Mildred."

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while one is alive and can spend it seemed much more useful, so she saw a lawyer of her own and, instead of getting a divorce, thought it would be wiser to ask for separate maintenance alimony. This puts it up to Mr. Loud to get the divorce at his own expense and risk.

Meanwhile the present Mrs. Loud feels sorry for almost everyone but her present husband. She would like to make amends to the first Mrs. Loud, but poor Mildred is in her grave. Wilma is also sorry for her divorced soda-fountain husband who is very much alive, and she feels that the least she can do is to help him along in his hundred-thousand dollar suit against Mr. Loud by revealing how the man with wealth and leisure used them to win a wife away from her poor and busy husband.

Incidentally, Mr. Bratek is Wilma's second poor husband; but he was not poor except in ability to buy things for her—on all other specifications he was quite satisfactory. If her second husband can collect \$100,000 from her third husband, that ought to correct Number Two's only fault and make him just about perfect. Therefore, if after he has done this, John should whisper the right words in that same pink ear, she might be able to hear him.

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Archibald C. Loud, St. Louis "Man About Town," Whose First Wife Committed Suicide and Whose Second Has Left Him.

50 years old. Wilma is 32 and John only 31. Wilma's change of heart can be seen from the following formal statement which she gave out. She is quoted as saying:

"I was married twice before meeting Mr. Loud. Mr. Bratek, my second husband, with whom I was living at the time, was out of employment and I was compelled to work. I had two children, a boy and a girl, by my first husband, Mr. Mason, who was not contributing to their support.

"While at work in a photographic studio, a woman friend of mine who had an apartment nearby asked me to lunch. She told me that a fine gentleman wished to be presented to me. I objected on the ground that I was married.

"When I insisted on refusing to meet her friend, this woman confessed that she was to receive a box of fine hosiery from the fine gentleman if she brought about the introduction. I consented more as a favor to her than for any other reason. I was presented to Mr. Loud, who was introduced to me as a big real estate dealer whose name was Art Williams.

"The introduction took place at a tea one afternoon in the friend's apartment. That was three years ago last Summer.

"Mr. Loud, or Mr. Williams—as that was the name I then knew him by—showed money and expensive gifts upon me. This naturally turned my head, for I had not been used to such things. Life being one long struggle since girlhood.

"In the meantime Mr. Bratek could not find employment and, as my health was none too good, I decided to quit work to find employment. I told my husband that if I quit working this might inspire my husband to greater efforts in his job hunting. When he failed to land a job I decided to go back to work myself. However, Mr. Loud complained, saying that if I went back to work he could not see me as often as he wanted to and when he wanted to.

"One of Mr. Loud's gifts to me was a police dog. This aroused the curiosity of my husband who then knew nothing of my affair with Mr. Loud. I explained this gift came from an old gentleman customer of the studio. He believed it.

"Mr. Loud's attentions reached the point where he wanted to marry me. So he gave me money to send my husband to Chicago to find employment. I told my husband that I saved this money from the studio earnings. He believed it. The average wife can make her husband believe almost anything.

"After I had sent John away, Mr. Loud took me often to his lodge in the Ozark mountains, in the southern part of Missouri. After one of our visits to the Ozarks I met the friend who had just introduced us in St. Louis. She inquired if I was still seeing Mr. Williams. When I told her we had just returned recently from his mountain lodge she asked me if I had discovered his real identity. I told her I knew him only as Mr. Williams. She then revealed that my attentive friend was Archie Loud, who, she said, was a near millionaire, married and the father of a young daughter. Women believe most anything a man tells

them until they marry him. If the fine gentleman had kept on sending her fine hosiery, she might not have told me.

"The fact that Mr. Loud was wealthy was not at all displeasing, but I was disappointed that he was married. He later told me, in discussing the deception, that he found in me the affection that he longed for and had not received at home. I believed it and thought that sort of made things all right.

"We continued our relationship with no further deception, and I followed him to the West. While we were there his wife came out, and after a conference with his mother returned to St. Louis and killed herself. That is where I first began to wonder if I was doing right.

"Mr. Loud at first wanted to return to St. Louis for the funeral, but a member of his family dissuaded him and I remained there with him. After the funeral, he began urging me to marry him. I objected for a time, because my own little daughter had died in April and his wife early in June. I was unseemly, but he insisted and we were married on July 27 of last year about six weeks after his wife had committed suicide."

Wilma says she had no idea that her husband was getting tired of her society until he sent her that very plain telegram. It is all right to propose in a telegram, on a post card or any old way, but any woman would think it ought to be against the law to let men at the telephone office know that a woman's husband is trying to "fix" her.

Resides the wife who took her husband's conduct so much to heart that she killed herself, the most pathetic figures involved are her parents, the Rev. Dr. Alfred Franklin Smith, widly known Methodist minister and editor of Nashville, Tenn., and his wife.

It was they who erected the statue over the unhappy first Mrs. Loud's grave. Mrs. Smith, the mother, said: "When my daughter was confronted with absolute proof of his (Mr. Loud's) actions she cried: 'Then life is over. My castle has fallen.'"

And when we went out to the house, after her death, her friends tore every picture of him from the prints around the house. We wanted no trace of him. I never want to see his face again or hear his name.

"We have proof of everything. In the bank in St. Louis is the register where she was here and the California, with a beautiful young wife of mine. Mildred's death occurred at 10 o'clock, Friday, June 8, 1931, she left this world as she told her father she would do—'I am tired of lies and deceit and anguished hearts.'"

There is no doubt that the monument and its inscriptions have caused the tragedy to be remembered, probably every day of their lives, by the two people who, more than anyone else, have wished to forget it.

The Memorial Figure of "Grief" Erected by Her Sorrowing Parents Over the Grave of Mrs. Mildred S. Loud, Who Ended Her Life When Her Wealthy Husband Asked Her to Divorce Him.

Photograph of the First Mrs. Loud.



Young Prince Swast Pradish Swast, of Siam, Who May—And May Not—Make a Princess of the Ambitious Veronese Girl Who Is Gazing Longingly at a Movie Queen's Throne.

BACK in the Summer of 1931, when Prince Swast Pradish Swast, dashing and dusky brother-in-law of the King of Siam, proposed to Mrs. Vera Montgomery, she told him that he'd have to wait for her answer until she got a divorce from her broker husband. The Montgomerys were separated at the time, so it was all right for His Royal Highness to fall in love with the youthful matron and quite sensible of Mrs. Montgomery to reply to him as she did.

A few weeks ago a New York judge granted Vera Montgomery a divorce and everyone who knew her—and many people who had read in the newspapers of her ro-

A Career Or a Crown for the Pretty Divorcee?

mance with the prince—naturally wondered if she would take a second leap into matrimony, this time to become a princess in an oriental realm.

Vera Montgomery, being the independent and ambitious sort of person she is—and not yet twenty-four years old—finds herself wondering the same thing. She really doesn't know, now that she's free to make up her mind, whether to accept the glamorous opportunity to become a princess merely by saying "yes," or to tackle the difficult and uncertain job of making a name for herself in America, either on the stage or in the movies.

The divorcee-who-could-be-princess is no stranger to the stage, for she played parts in the theatre of her native Vienna before she came to this country, and she added to her dramatic experience by working for a year or so for a German moving picture company. It was the lure of a chance to shine among the stars of Hollywood that brought her here in 1925—but she fell in love with Mr. Montgomery and, as she humorously explains, "married him as soon as she knew enough English to understand what he was saying."

Matrimony sidetracked her from her bright dream of success as an actress and now she is not at all sure that she wants to be shunted away from her ambition again.

"I am in a quandary," she said. "Swasti, in spite of the fact that he's a prince, is one of the most intelligent and charming men I ever met. He's thoroughly Americanized, you know, because he went to military school here and was graduated from West Point with high honors. After that he applied his military training as an officer of the United States Army. He's young and handsome and human—but I'm afraid my first love is the stage. More than anything, I'd rather—"

act. If I knew that I could make a great success, either on the speaking stage or in the movies, I guess I'd forget all about being a princess.

Vera is sure that she would find happiness in acting, behind the footlights or before the camera. But she's not so certain that she would be happy as the bride of the royal Swast.

"Perhaps," she mused, "Kipling was right when he said whatever it was he said about East being East and West being West. I know Swasti would try to make me happy, but perhaps he couldn't in surroundings so different from anything I have ever known. Perhaps I would feel out of place among the people and the customs of the East and never be really at home there. Broadway and Hollywood, to tell the truth, beckon to me more strongly than Bangkok does. Still—"

And on the pretty Veronese finds herself torn between love and ambition. She doesn't know quite what to do, although there are thousands of girls in the world who envy her the chance to become a real princess. Anyhow, Vera isn't worrying her pretty blond head overmuch about the problem. She's intensifying her study of English, which she speaks with a delightful Veronese accent, and talking happily about screen work—which is not exactly essential to the job of being a princess.



Vera Montgomery Who Is at Last Free to Marry Her Prince Thinks She Would Rather Be a Hard-Working Actress Than the Princess of an Oriental Realm.



Mrs. Montgomery Walking Along New York's Park Avenue with Her Pet Seattle.



Snail Outwits Inquisitive Snake

AMONG the creatures, large and small, that inhabit the earth, the snail is not rated among the killers. Yet, as the remarkable photograph at the left shows, the lowly, seemingly harmless snail can defend himself, even against fanged and swift-moving reptiles, when he is aroused to a battling mood.

Of course this mix-up, which took place on the lawn of a home in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, hardly deserves to be described as an exciting encounter, a thrilling demonstration of nature in the raw. The strange tangle is worthy of mention because it is exceptionally unusual, if not unique.

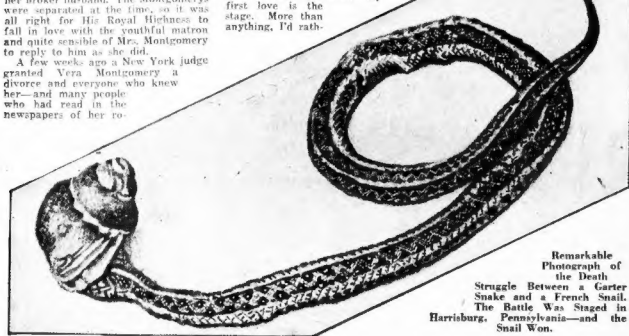
No one had the good luck to witness the beginning of the battle between a

garden variety of garter snake and an undistinguished French snail. Undoubtedly the reptile was the aggressor and his aggression was not so much a desire to come to grips with the snail as to discover what sort of thing he had run onto during his wanderings over the greenward and what was inside it. Like many another individual who lets his curiosity get the best of him, the snake found out that there was something alive inside the shell and that whatever the living thing was could move with sufficient speed and power to clamp the invader's head tightly against the hard inner surface of the shell.

When the contestants were dis-

covered, the reptile was writhing mightily and trying with all the strength of his coils to back pedal from the mess he'd got himself into. But the snail had some of the characteristics of a bulldog and he refused to release his grip on the snake's head. It seemed to the onlookers that every time the snake reeled from his frantic struggles, the snail increased its clutch on the head and drew a bit more of it into the shell.

Anyhow, the strange battle went on for several hours until the snake gave up the ghost. When the last twitch of life had gone from the sinuous body, the snail relaxed his hold and went on about his simple business.



Remarkable Photograph of the Death Struggle Between a Garter Snake and a French Snail. The Battle Was Staged in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—and the Snail Won.

Soviet Russians' Grotesque Statues of the Things They Hate

THE powers-that-be in Soviet Russia have many ways in which they impart to the millions of citizens

of that peculiar experimental political and economic laboratory the pertinent points of the so-called Five-Year Plan. By means of books and speakers they keep driving home the rigid commandments of the Soviet creed, and by such things as the huge caricatures shown on this page they keep alive what they regard as the healthy hates of the people.

The principal hate of the up-to-date citizen of Russia is religion. This plays no part in the Five-Year Plan. In fact, a belief in a Superior Being is looked upon by the leaders as a distinct handicap to the achievement of the Soviet ideal. So, in order to discredit religion and to build up public antagonism to it, such grotesque statues as the one shown in the photograph at the left are erected in the "Park of Culture and Rest" in this city.

This figure, which is of heroic size, is really a painted cut-out of a clergyman wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and preaching religion. The inanimate parson's mouth is wide open and his hands, in which he holds a string of prayer beads, are folded in mock solemnity. The placard, laid on one of the figure's skinny, wooden arms, bears the legend: "Without the Almighty's intervention there is little hope for success."

Next to religion and capitalism,

the atheistical Soviet hates Fascism, the sort of militaristic political aggressiveness represented by Mussolini, Hitler and their armies of black-shirted followers. So the Park of Culture and Rest has a figure, a bitterly comic figure, standing for Fascism.

The Germanic character of the caricature is shown by an exaggerated mustache, a monocle and a burlesqued military bearing. Big pieces of board form epaulettes. Strips of

This Is One Way the Bosses of Present-Day Russia Try to Educate the Citizens of the Soviet Republic to Work Hard and Waste Little Time in Loafing.

cloth slung from one shoulder represent the familiar trappings of generals and lesser warriors. The legs are so made that the figure appears to be dressed in army breeches and riding boots.

In its right hand the statue clutches a bomb and in the other it grips the handle of a short wooden sword. The printed poster on this figure quotes a German Fascist writer who said: "Hang anyone who shouts: 'Long live Moscow!'"

Religion and Fascism are forces which might be said to come into

Soviet Russia from the outside. They are "enemies to keep out of the land." There is an enemy that lurks within the ranks of the citizens of Russia and that is the tendency, the natural tendency, perhaps, to lay down on the job. The leaders know that the Five-Year Plan cannot possibly succeed if there is much loafing in the factories and in the fields. So they include loafing among the hates that it seems proper to represent with their ugly statues.

The carpentered "sculpture" in the center of the page below is an attack against loafers. It shows what will pass for a time-wasting male sitting on the grass and dissipating the useful hours by twanging away on a three-stringed instrument. The wooden face of the figure, which is nothing more than the suggestion of a flat head, a long nose and a longer chin, is made to look as "goofy" as possible. A placard, which is covered by the Muscovite banjo, informs the worker that this is the sort of person who is as reprehensible in his way as the advocates of religion and the disciples of Fascism.

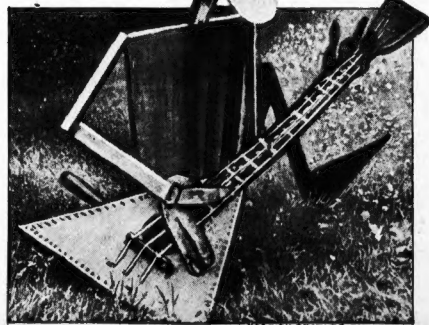
The park where the statues are erected is a recreation ground where thousands of workers gather during the hours when they are not on the job. The

main promenade of the park is flanked by seriously done statues of the leaders of the Soviet movement.



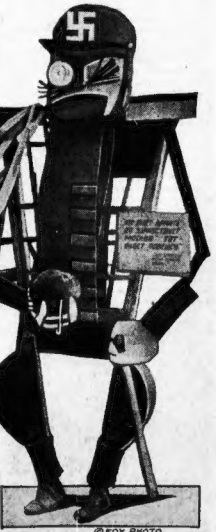
FOX PHOTO.

An Ugly and Grotesque Cut-Out Figure of a Clergyman Erected in Moscow to Show the Soviet Disdain for Everything Religious. The Placard Reads: "Without God's intervention there is little hope for success."



FOREIGN PRATTEN PHOTO

The Russian Dislike for the German Followers of Hitler Is Strikingly Revealed in This Huge Figure of a Nazi with a Sword in One Hand and a Bomb in the Other. The Card Bears the Legend: "Hang anyone who shouts: 'Long live Moscow!'"



FOX PHOTO

Science Explodes Many Popular Notions About Marriage

Men and Women Not Attracted by "Opposites," but by Others Like Themselves; Dark-Complexioned Gentlemen Do Not Prefer Blondes; Married Couples Do Not Look More Alike as They Grow

Older—
And
Where
the Best
Place Is
to Find
Your
Future
Husband



Mr. and Mrs. David Gray, of California, Both Entirely Deaf, Being Married by the Judge Who Could Not Hear Their Question—An Example of the Tendency of People to Marry Those Like Themselves, as Old Nature Now Demanded by Science.

DO YOU believe that people tend to marry their opposites—that dark-complexioned gentlemen prefer blondes and brunettes young ladies usually marry fair-haired men? They don't.

Do you think that couples married to each other for thirty or forty years come to look alike? If so, you are wrong.

Most husbands and wives did not meet each other at parties or church socials, as the story books usually have it. Instead more of them meet in school than anywhere else. Nor is there any truth in the idea that children usually, or even often, picture the parent of opposite sex—girls their fathers and boys their mothers.

All these familiar ideas, says the latest verdict of science, are wrong. Instead of marrying opposites, average Americans seem much more likely to marry people whom they themselves resemble. This is what the scientists call homogeneity or marriage of likes, and it is something which they believe among the most important facts in human nature, since it helps so much to determine which strains of a population shall be fused together, and accordingly what the next generation will be like.

One of the first persons to discover this was Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. Before that invention was a success, Bell was a teacher of singing and a student of deaf people and of how to aid them. Also, he had a lifelong interest in heredity and eugenics. He noticed an obvious but serious fact, which is that deaf people tend to marry other who also are deaf. Since deafness often is due to some hereditary defect of the individual, Bell rightly concluded that this is a dangerous custom. In time it will result—in fact it probably is resulting—in the production of a separate race of Americans who are entirely and hopelessly deaf.

In this instance, it would be better from Nature's viewpoint if the supposed law of opposites did work, if deaf people always married people with perfect hearing. Then, probably, the deaf strain soon would disappear from the population. In fact, however, it is easy to see that deaf people are much more likely to marry each other than to marry normal individuals. Both have the same disability and therefore are not so sensitive to their handicap when they are when with people of normal hearing.

Many such instances have been discovered, some of them by no means easy to understand. In this connection, the well-known student of heredity, Dr. Karl Pearson, discovered that people who happen to be long-lived tend to marry more likely to marry other people who also are destined to long life than they are to marry short-lived ones.

No one knows, even now, why this is true. Certainly, two people who are about to marry cannot know whether one of them is destined to live long or to die early. Even physicians could not determine that fact with any accuracy. Yet the long-lived ones do tend to marry each other, Dr. Pearson's statistics showed, and the short-lived ones tend also to marry in that same class. The tendency is not absolute, but it exists; and it is quite unaccountable. It is as though Nature had provided some mysterious sign of long or short life, and that people who possess these signs recognize each other unconsciously and mate.

This, too, is a tendency which probably is of importance to mankind, for a tendency to live longer than the average is another of the human characteristics definitely known to be inherited. There probably is going on in the present-day world a slow selection of the



Miss Evelyn Lave, Known as "England's Perfect Blonde Beauty," and (Below), Dark-Haired and Dark-Skinned "Sonnie" Hale, the Well-Known English Actor Who Until Recently, Was Her Husband. They Were Unhappy Until Mr. Hale Was Divorced and Married Brunette Jessie Matthews. —Pictured as the Right—and Now They're All Happy: An Example of Science's Contentment That It Is Not the Normal Rule for Opposites to Marry, and That When They Do There Is No Evidence That Their Marriages Are Happier Than Those Who Marry Others Like Themselves—But Quite the Contrary.

long-lived strains of mankind from the short-lived ones. The long-lived families will grow more and more that way, while the short-lived people at the same time will die younger and younger. Very likely this already is a factor in the slowly increasing length of average life, since the short-lived strains tend to die out altogether and disappear.

About the matings of people of different complexions there are fewer points of practical importance. Probably it makes little difference to posterity or to the nation whether all the blondes marry other blondes and all the brunettes marry brunettes, or whether they mix together as the discredited theory of opposites would require. No scientists have as yet studied this complex matter with the thoroughness which would be necessary to decide it. One thing that is sure, however, is that the slightest evidence of prevailing tendency of blondes and brunettes to mix has been discovered. Nor when they do marry in there any evidence that they get along together any better than husbands and wives of the same complexion. In fact, there is evidence to the very reverse.

Out of many examples that could be quoted is the recent one of Miss Evelyn Lave, talented British actress and sometimes called "England's most perfect blonde beauty." Evelyn married "Sonnie" Hale, comedian, and dark as Evelyn is fair. But blonde and brunette couldn't mix, and "Sonnie" fell deeply in love with black-haired, black-

eyed Jessie Matthews, another well-known London actress Jessie went into court and unblushingly testified that she had every right to be named as co-respondent by Evelyn. Then she and "Sonnie" married, and are reported to be ideally happy. Evelyn shows no sign of sorrow, either.

None of blonde Peggy Joyce's five husbands matched her hair and skin. Statistics show that it is natural to expect very tall women to marry very tall men and that very short people also will marry each other; but the rate of marriage of likes goes deeper than this. Even among people who are neither very tall nor very short and among whom, in consequence, there would not be anything unusual or striking about a slight difference in height, it is the rule that people usually marry others who are not far from the same stature; a rule discovered by every statistician who has studied the subject.

In the whole long list, indeed, of mental and physical characteristics for which the scientists have accumulated facts and figures, there is not a single one in which the supposed tendency to marry opposites exists. Either people marry their own kinds of people or else they are merely indifferent and select their mates for reasons not related at all to likeness or unlikeness. So one long-standing delusion is exploded.

This gives a clue to why there is no truth in the other familiar idea that long-married couples come to look alike; an idea used by poets, playwrights and artists for generations. Years ago a Swiss physician, Dr. Hermann Foul, took the trouble to test this, but no novelist since that time seems to have taken the trouble to study Dr. Foul's report of his investigation.

First of all, Dr. Foul collected from a number of photographers portraits of elderly married couples. Comparing the husband and wife in these portraits, he found that there really was a tendency for many to look alike.

Dr. Foul, however, was sceptical enough to check his facts more deeply. He procured, in as many instances as possible, portraits of these same elderly couples merely had been alike all the time. If anything, they grew more unlike with advancing age.

It is harder to explain some new statistics, assembled by Dr. Paul Popenoe of Los Angeles, California, about where boys and girls meet the girls and boys whom they afterward marry. Almost everybody follows the novelists in imagining that these fateful encounters are encouraged by parties, church activities and other elements of conventional social life. Propinquity, also, is often referred to as a cause of marriages, the assumption being that both boys and girls are most likely to marry those with whom they are most likely to come in contact. So the popular sex who happens to be con-



(Diagrammatic Drawing Illustrating the Comparative Percentages From Dr. Paul Popenoe's Analysis of Where Most People First Meet Their Future Husbands and Wives.)

Place	Number of Chances in 100
1—At Educational Institutions	28.0
2—At Private Homes	14.6
3—At Business	12.8
4—At Private Recreation (Bridge, Parties, etc.)	10.3
5—At Outdoor Recreation (Travel, Beaches, etc.)	8.9
6—At Church Activities	8.1
7—Propinquity ("Local Neighbors")	7.2
8—Commercial Recreation (Dance Halls, etc.)	7.0
9—Miscellaneous Meetings	2.5
10—"Pick-ups"	.8



veniently at hand, Dr. Popenoe put all this to a test. Taking two groups of people, students in Teachers' College of Columbia University and another group in a Berkeley, California, high school, Dr. Popenoe had these people collect facts about the marriages of their parents or of other couples with whom they were well acquainted. The total was more than two thousand marriages and the statistics about where these marriages began in first meetings of the contracting parties were surprising.

First of all came education. Nearly a third of the two thousand married couples listed, 32.4 per cent of them to be exact, had met in school or college.

Next came meetings in private homes, 14.6 per cent, and here appears the first success of fictional ideas, for presumably many of these private-home meetings were engineered by some enthusiastic match-maker among the mutual acquaintances. But even the match-maker, successful as the statistics show that personage to be, is less efficacious than the school teacher. Whether or not marriages are made in heaven, school evidently has a lot to do with the details.

Third on the list comes business, credited by Dr. Popenoe's figures with 12.8 per cent, or about an eighth of all the marriages. Whether or not it be true that a stenographer has a good chance of marrying her boss, it certainly is no mistake that a girl's or a boy's chance of meeting the mate that fate intends are better in business than

anywhere else, except in a friend's home or in school.

Fourth in the list of places where one meets the person one marries is private recreation, presumably including indoor parties of all kinds, such as bridge, "sociables" and so on. About one-tenth, or 10.3 per cent, of the whole list of marriages began here.

Fifth in travel and what is termed outdoor recreations—that is, the bathing beaches, golf links, and so on. This accounts for 8.9 per cent.

But only 8.1 per cent of the whole list, and accounting for less than a twelfth of the marriages, are the church activities and affairs, which many social workers and reformers would be inclined to put first. Undoubtedly many young people attend these church activities for companionship and social contacts as well as for more strictly religious motives, but they seem to seek their wives and husbands somewhere else.

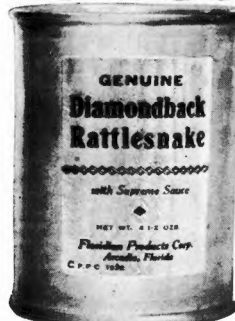
And as for propinquity, so often praised or blamed as the chief reason why so-and-so married such-and-such, it is down in seventh place in Dr. Popenoe's list of ways in which romances actually begin, with only about seven percent of all the two thousand marriages traced to its aid. Propinquity means "local neighbors," according to the dictionary, and would take in, among other things, such contacts as a nurse and her patient, persons unconnected but brought up in the same household, and the like. It is rated at 7.2 per cent.

Eighth in the list is "commercial recreation," presumably such contacts as are made in public dance halls, for example. This rates 7 per cent. Miscellaneous contacts, such as those through accidents, rates 2.5 per cent. What is called "pick-ups," or flirting with strangers, comes last, at only one-tenth of 1 per cent. So girls who think they can get husbands in that unconventional, and often dangerous, fashion, are much in error.

And so the science of psychology laid the task of explaining why those delusions about marriage are so common. If there is not the slightest evidence that blondes tend to marry brunettes, and vice versa, why is it that so many people think that and often do so? The scientists say, is the incurable habit of human kind to remember the unusual and striking event and to forget the usual one. A dark-haired man and a golden-tressed wife make a striking couple; as do a pair consisting of a tow-headed blond giant and a short, dark-haired woman.

Everybody notices and remembers these spectacular couples. Everybody passes by and forgets the much commoner instances in which people marry others of about the same coloring, stature and other characteristics.

Ha! Something New for the Dinner Table



Photograph of a 4 1/2-Ounce Can of Rattlesnake Meat.

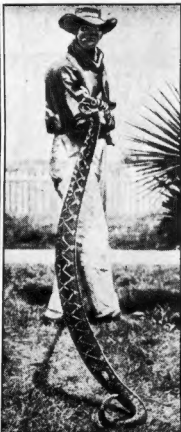
Down Near the Florida Everglades a Canning Factory Packs Tender, Pink Rattlesnake Meat—For Those Who Want It



1—"There's one and a pretty big one, too," the Hunter Remarks, Drawing the Snake Off the Ground.



2—"Must weigh 8 or 9 pounds," the Hunter Comments, Drawing the Snake Off the Ground.



3—"Look at his back—diamond pattern on the back—He's a Big Snake."



4—"In the Canning Factory the Reptile is Hung by His Neck and Opened and Skinned."



5—"Five Pounds of Fat Rattlesnake Meat All Ready for the Bake Oven."

Rattlesnake Canned on Toast Is Recommended to Accompany the Cocktails Before Dinner—Unless You Prefer Caviar or Some of the Other More Conventional Appetizers.

ABOUT two years ago, Mr. George K. End, of Arcadia, Florida, helped his two small sons kill a rattlesnake and skin it. The reptile's flesh was a pale salmon pink, looked inviting, and Mr. End decided to try eating a bit of it as an experiment.

Calling the snake's carcass in a skillet, he put it in the oven to bake and used his judgment as to the proper seasoning. He was pleasantly surprised to find that the meat was tender and of excellent flavor. A little later, at an American Legion convention in Tampa, he served a quantity of it and everyone pronounced it good.

That set Mr. End to thinking. If he and his family liked rattlesnake meat, and his friends, the former soldiers, enjoyed it, perhaps there was opportunity here for a new industry which had been overlooked. And thus a new food for the American dinner table has made its appearance.

Mr. End set up a canning factory and located it in the midst of a section of Florida that contains, perhaps, more big and little rattlesnakes to the square mile than any other part of the State, or perhaps of the United States. The country around Arcadia, near the southern end of Florida and adjoining the land of the old Seminole Indians, is mostly prairie, with a heavy growth of scrub palmetto. It is just the kind of place a rattlesnake loves best. No body has ever disturbed the snakes and they have increased to great numbers, so that Mr. End's supply of meat appears to be unlimited.

Of course, prejudice influences the human mind, and it is possible that not every reader of this page would welcome this new food product. But Mr. End points out that the Florida rattlesnake lives a clean-life and eats mostly cotton-tail rabbits. Eggs, he remarks, are sold in the markets and to his point of view, the egg is just about as good of a snake as a rattler. Indians have eaten snakes for hundreds of years and many woodsmen and guides catch, cook and eat snakes. Anyhow, his snake meat factory, probably the only one in the world, has been established less than two years and his orders are increasing.

Perhaps some of the cans of Diamondback delicacy have been served to dinner guests who had not been told what was offered them on a bit of toast with their cocktails. Possibly not all of the guests would relish such an introduction to Mr. End's new food product. Rattlesnake meat, few or cans are not yet on the hotel or restaurant menus very commonly. But it is sometimes served as a "surprise

course" at private gatherings in restaurants and hotels. It seems that it requires some skill and technical knowledge to prepare snake food. Before a rattler is put into the can, Mr. End sees to it that the reptile is properly caught, cooked and seasoned. It is important that the rattler be taken alive and without unduly exciting it. If the creature is highly excited and angered, the delicate flavor of the meat is spoiled.

Specially trained hunters are brought in to do the catching. No dead snakes are purchased. Mr. End sees to the killing of the creatures himself. Death must be quick and quiet. "No one would think of running a chicken into it was exhausted before killing it," says Mr. End. "Nor does a farmer excite his pigs at hog-killing time. He goes about his business quietly. We do the same thing in catching and killing our snakes."

If a reptile gets away from a hunter, it is not pursued and run to earth. It is allowed to go in peace. The next time it is sighted it probably will not get away. Hunters are paid by the foot—twenty cents for every foot of rattlesnake brought in. The best lengths for canning are from three to seven feet. Twenty rattlers a day is considered a good catch. If the snakes average five feet in length, this brings the hunter \$20 a day.

The snakes are captured with nooses at the end of bamboo poles six feet in length. The noose is dropped over the creature's head and drawn taut before it realizes what is going on. As the snake has to be delivered alive—"on the hoof," as the expression goes—and in good condition, calm and quiet, it is handled gently and humanely. Sometimes when rattlers are scarce, the hunters will burn a palmetto thicket and capture the snakes as they glide away from the heat. As many as a dozen creatures may emerge from one thicket.

The rattlers are carried in boxes with wire-mesh sides and a door at the top. Dropped in at the top, they lie quietly on and around each other, making no attempt to bite their fellow captives. Even if they did, it wouldn't

do any harm, for they are immune to their own brand of poison.

The hunter's noose slips easily off the reptile's neck when it is unloosed from the other end of the stick. Sometimes the hunter doesn't bother with the noose, but picks up the rattler with his hands. This practice, however, is not advisable for amateurs. The snake must be grabbed by the neck and tail at the same time. One hand of the hunter seizes the snake's head just behind the jaws, so it cannot strike, the other hand grasping the rattler on the tail and holding the snake taut so it cannot coil around the hunter's arm and gain leverage to pull its head free.

To the professional, this is a simple and safe procedure. The big trick is to safely let go of the snake. This is more of an art than picking it up. The door of the cage is first opened, then the snake pitched into it. Head and tail must be released in the same fraction of a second. Otherwise the snake will strike with lightning swiftness.

Arriving at the cannery with the day's catch, the next business of the hunters is to kill the rattlers. They are generally slaughtered on the day of their capture, as they refuse to eat in captivity and rapidly lose weight. As soon as they are killed they are skinned and the rattles are removed. Therefore generally makes the entire transition from palmetto thicket to tin-can in one day.

The snakes are lifted from the hunt-



Mr. George K. End, Proprietor of Florida's Rattlesnake Canning Factory.

"Rattles ain't dangerous if you know how to handle them," says David Bragden, one of Mr. End's Snake Hunters, as He Drapes a Rattlesnake Round His Neck.

few inches. They pay no attention to the oncoming noise. A hunter who is also an expert rifle shot sends a bullet through the snake's head, which is immediately cut off and buried, as it still contains the deadly poison sacs. No other part of the body holds any poison.

The snake is next hung up by the tail until all the blood is drained out. This requires about fifteen minutes. Then it is all ready for skinning. The entire skin is first washed with a cleansing preparation. The snake is then hung by the neck and the skinner runs his razor-sharp knife or scissors down the under side, slitting the skin from neck to tail. The tail with its rattles is cut off. The entrails are removed with great care to save the fatty tissue from which the famous rattlesnake oil is made. The skin itself is removed in one long piece. The salmon-pink flesh is now ready for cooking.

It takes about two hours to properly cook a rattlesnake. The flesh in one piece is first steamed in a pressure cooker. When the meat is so tender it falls easily from the bones, it is transferred, without the bones, to a kettle. Salt and pepper are added in what Mr. End has found to be the right proportion, and the meat simmers until

it is thoroughly cooked.

For canning, the meat is cubed and sliced, like chicken for chicken a la king. Then is added a "supreme sauce," which is Mr. End's own invention and the exact ingredients a secret. Mushrooms and the juice left in the cooking kettle are the chief ingredients of the sauce, however.

For those who prefer their rattlesnake meat without trimmings, the meat is canned without seasoning and without the sauce. Orders for raw rattlesnake meat are also promptly filled and the freshly-killed meat shipped under refrigeration.

Hotels and restaurants, Mr. End claims, frequently order fresh rattlesnake meat. The raw meat should first be parboiled so all the bones can be removed. It can then be roasted or fried like any other meat.

Unlike some other "game," there is no "wild taste" to rattlesnake meat, it is claimed, and it is, of course, unnecessary to spend time and trouble in overcoming this. With every can of meat goes the following instructions for cooking:

"Remove contents from can into top of double boiler, removing the sanitary parchment paper wrapping. Heat, adding teaspoon butter. Serve in patty shells, or as canapes on thin slices of toast, or as filling for croquettes."

"As an hors d'oeuvre or salad—chill thoroughly and serve with mayonnaise."

The claim is made that "rattlesnake meat is positively the world's most delicious and de luxe foodstuff." The reader is urged to "be the first in your neighborhood to give a rattlesnake dinner. A membership card in the Ancient and Epicurean Order of Rattling Reptile Revelers provided with each tin."

Rattlesnake meat is not recommended for its cheapness. On the contrary, it's about the most expensive meat on the market. A four-and-one-half ounce tin costs \$1.25, at the rate of almost \$4.50 a pound. Uncooked meat brings \$2.50 a pound. The average snake weighs about nine pounds when brought in. But the meat shrinks one-third in cooking and with the head, bones and rattles eliminated, the

nine-pound reptile will produce only ten to twelve times of meat, retailing at \$12.50 to \$15. No statistics are available as to how many ounces or pounds the average snake-eater will polish off at a meal.

Old Philip Armour used to boast that his packing house utilized every part of the pig but the squeal. Mr. End goes the late packer one better—he even sells the rattles of his "stock." These may be obtained for five cents each. Every other part of the snake is preserved and put on the market. The skulls and skeletons and even the fangs are sold. The fangs, of course, are first thoroughly sterilized. Curious charms and mementoes are carved from the bones, rattles and teeth.

The oil is made from the fatty parts of the reptile's body and has no connection whatever with the poison generated in the head and stored in sacs at the base of the deadly fangs. This poison is found in place in the body except in the rattler's head.

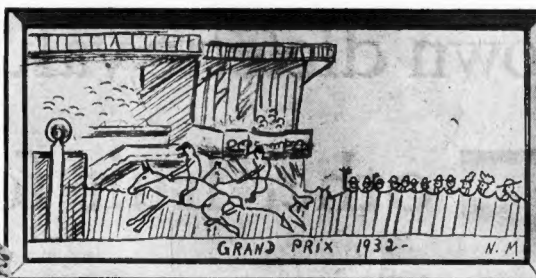
Mr. End's interest in rattlesnakes leads him to put in a kindly word for snakes in general, which he feels are very much misunderstood.

"No human being has an instinctive dread of snakes," he declares. "The common prejudice toward snakes is the result of the same sort of propaganda that causes most ladies to fear mice. It has been proved that a child or anyone else who has not been taught to fear snakes can meet a snake face to face without fear. Many persons have the absurd notion that the skin of a snake is moist and slimy, when as a matter of fact it is perfectly dry and not at all repulsive to the touch."

Mr. End admits that his is a queer business. "But strange as it may seem, there is a demand for canned rattlesnake," he says. "It is good eating, too. I dine on it myself. So do my wife and children. We all like it. And the business is making money."

Which is the important thing these days.

Celebrated Men and Women, Here and Abroad, Labor With Pencil, Brush or Crayon to Provide an Amusing Art Exhibition for Charity



A black and white illustration featuring two central figures and numerous surrounding anatomical diagrams. The figure on the left has a human-like torso with a visible ribcage and spine, but its lower body is a plant-like structure with a thick, segmented stem and several long, thin, root-like appendages. The figure on the right is a full human figure with a tall, spiky, plant-like headpiece. Both figures are surrounded by various anatomical diagrams, including cross-sections of organs, individual organs like a heart and lungs, and other biological structures. The style is reminiscent of a scientific or medical illustration from a historical or educational text.

A black and white photograph of a person standing on a beach at night, looking out at a boat. Two palm trees are on the left, and a building is on the right. The person is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The boat is in the water, and the building is on the right side of the frame. The scene is dark, with the person and the boat being the main sources of light.

things that appear to be a compromise between daisies and clover, a sort of modernistic rainbow and "something that might pass for moon."

Just what this canvas means is mystery even to the creator.

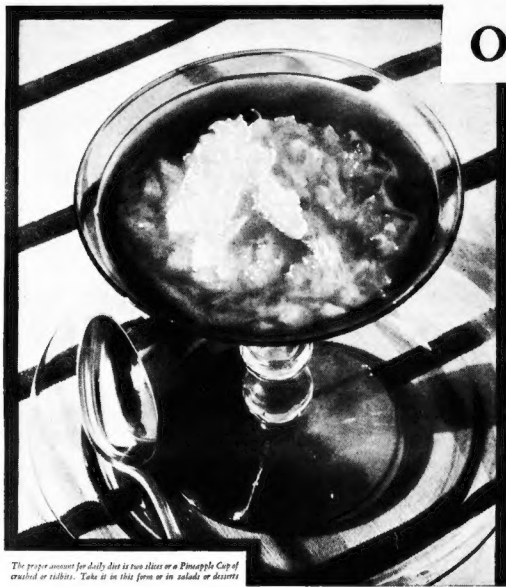
The Countess Pecci-Blunt, whose picture looks so much like a genui-

Caricature of Miss Famous French She Gave a Dinner at Which Seals V

New Food Research shows that

PINEAPPLE-CANNED

has more known dietetic values than any other fruit for daily use



The proper amount for daily diet is two slices or a Pineapple Cup of crushed or sliced. Take it in this form or in salad or dessert.

Nutritional Research Proves that
a cup of crushed canned pineapple
(or two slices)—eaten every day—helps
prevent Acidosis—helps correct Nutri-
tional Anemia—speeds Digestion—helps
to build resistance to Common Colds

The New Discoveries about CANNED PINEAPPLE

Remember that these statements are made only about **Canned Pineapple**, not raw pineapple. The temperatures applied in canning cause a beneficial change of dietetic importance.

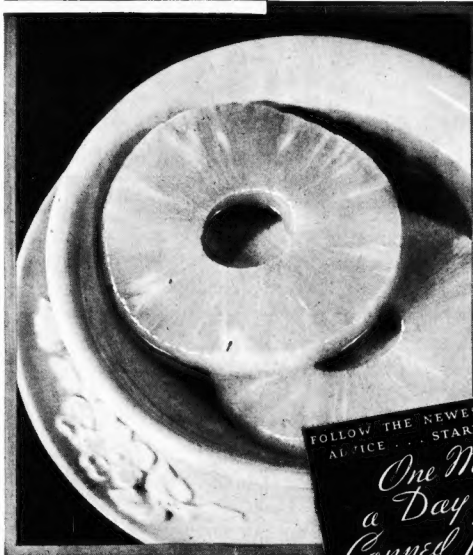
Corrects, Prevents Acidosis by contributing to the alkalinity of the blood. **Canned Pineapple** is outstanding in this important respect.

Contains 5 Essential Minerals in a form easy to assimilate. Three of these minerals are needed to prevent or relieve nutritional anemia.

Increases Digestive Activity by stimulating the secretion of gastric juice. Especially valuable in digesting proteins such as eggs, meat, beans, etc.

Generous Source of Vitamins A, B and C—Valuable for building resistance against colds; promoting normal growth; building strong teeth and bones.

Stimulates the Kidneys to eliminate waste products from the blood. This tonic action helps make reducing diets safe.



● It came suddenly—this news about the amazing health qualities of Canned Pineapple.

A fruit eaten for its sheer deliciousness. Used by more people, probably, than any other kind. Now it is known to promote health—in ways never before demonstrated for other fruits or vegetables.

This information came recently as a result of long scientific study on fruits including Canned Pineapple—a study of their effects on the human system. In the report are new, important facts everyone should know.

What Canned Pineapple does

Canned Pineapple, eaten daily, is known to do more things to benefit health than any other fruit or vegetable.

It speeds up digestion remarkably, particularly the digestion of proteins such as eggs, meat and beans.

It is a potent aid in preventing acidosis, by contributing effectively to the alkalinity of the blood.

It is rich in the minerals—very valuable as a source of copper, iron and manganese

which are recognized safeguards against nutritional anemia.

It is a generous source of vitamins A, B and C. Daily use would make it an adequate source of vitamin A, which, many authorities agree, is valuable in building resistance to colds. Sufficient quantities of this important vitamin are so often lacking in the ordinary diet.

Other very important nutritional values of Canned Pineapple are listed at the left. But, before you read them, consider this amazing fact:

Small daily servings make results certain

Canned Pineapple is so efficient in its capacity to benefit your health that two slices or a cup of crushed daily will confer these benefits. Merely remember this: Start or end one meal each day with a Pineapple Cup of crushed, or two slices if you prefer.

If you miss it at home for breakfast, get it for lunch or dinner. Hotels, restaurants, dining cars are serving both the Pineapple Cup and the slices.

Be sure you get Canned Pineapple, not raw pineapple. It is Canned Pineapple which is now known to have more dietetic values than any other fruit known for daily use.

Advertising Committee,
 PINEAPPLE PRODUCERS CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, LTD.
 1200 Bush Street, San Francisco, California

These statements are based upon the special study of pineapple as conducted with all reported research on the effects of fruits and fruit juices upon the human system

FOLLOW THE NEWEST DIETETIC
 ALICE . . . START OR END
One Meal
a Day with
Canned Pineapple

Strange Suicides That Are Hard to Explain

The Soft-Drink Maker Who Drowned Himself in a Vinegar Jar;
the Shoe Maker Who Nailed Himself to a Cross;
the Russian Fanatics Who Let Themselves
Be Buried Alive; the Actress
Who "Had to Blow
Out the Brains
That Had Brought
Success"—and
Other Unaccountable
Cases of
Self-Destruction

How the Expert Electrician of an Italian Power Company at Trieste, Italy, Killed Himself and His Sweetheart by an Elaborately Planned Execution. Drawing From "Science and Invention."

THE more science studies suicide, the more mysterious that impulse appears. Motives for self-destruction are often so silly as to be beyond understanding, but what puzzles the investigators the most are the cruel and unnecessary methods people frequently devise for torturing themselves to death.

The same person who would not dream of having a tooth extracted without an anesthetic will deliberately arrange his own death in the most painful manner possible. Physicians, who have no difficulty in obtaining a fatal dose of morphine and know how to administer it to themselves, have been known to ignore this advantage and cut their own throats or jump in front of locomotives and automobiles.

Everyone knows that electrocution is probably the quickest, and therefore ought to be the least unpopular, route into the next world. So nobody was surprised to hear that an expert electrician of the Orsina Power Company of Trieste, Italy, used it in carrying out a death pact with his eighteen-year-old sweetheart. He wound a coil of uninsulated wire around the wrists of himself and the girl, and then, tying a stone to the other end, tossed it over a high-voltage line. The current came down the wire, passed through their bodies and into the ground. No doubt their lives were extinguished as instantaneously as could have been done in an electric chair.

The motive was frustrated love, and all Italy condemned the act, but nobody disputed that the method of self-destruction was beyond criticism. Yet, comparing that, how could one account for the means taken by Hugh A. Powell, a widely known dentist of Denver, who was found dead in his office after his good looking wife had become worried because of his failure to appear at home for dinner? There had never been any question of Dr. Powell's sanity. As a dentist he had various easy ways of escape from life. Nitrous oxide, for example, was his favorite. Powell had stripped himself, and put on a pair of women's silk stockings and black slippers. Then he had tied the lower part of his body with ropes around the bottom of the dental chair. After that he had noosed his neck around the headrest of the chair. Before this he had placed an oval dental mirror against a nail on the floor in such a position that when he twisted a towel around his neck and slowly descended to death, he could see his face in his own death agonies.

And, strange as the Powell case is, how can one account for the means taken by Benjamin Watkins, one of the founders of the Nidex Orange Drink Company, whose slippers were found in many of the large cities?

Natkins was suffering from poor health, business reverses and other troubles which evidently made him decide that he would be better off dead. It was no sudden impulse as proved by the fact that he left several farewell notes, giving careful instructions to his wife about handling certain business problems. A curious fact is that nowhere in these notes did he mention the fact that he was going to kill himself.

Nina Anzenova, the Russian Musical Student, Who Tied Her Head to the Wall and Leaped From the Highest Balcony to the Stage of the Moscow Grand Opera House.

Nor was there any hurry about it. He had plenty of time and money to select the best occasion and the easiest way. He picked a Sunday afternoon, after a pleasant chat with his wife and a guest. Excusing himself, he walked away, apparently for a stroll with his dog. Once out of sight, he hastened to a fifty-gallon vinegar jar which he kept on his estate, and, standing before it, swallowed what would have been a fatal dose of bichloride of mercury. As this intelligent and educated business man must have known, bichloride of mercury is a painful and slow-acting poison. In order to attain his object the mercury would have to cause an intolerable burning of the stomach in order that enough of the poison should get into the system to kill him after a day or two by destruction of the kidneys.

After swallowing the tablets he took out a razor and slashed the veins in one wrist, another slow method of dying which many have mistakenly believed to be painless. But before either of these methods could even begin to have any effect he moved on to a third, which he had every reason to believe (and probably was) infinitely more painful than drowning in ordinary water. The coroner found that it was the vinegar that killed him.

To throw oneself from a great height gives a moment or two of mental agony as the body goes hurtling downward. Parale jumpers from airplanes have disproved the old idea that after a short distance one loses consciousness.

But, at least, it has the advantage of certainty. Among women suicides, it is a rule that the method to look as attractive as possible is stronger than that of self-preservation. Usually it prompts them to take their lives in such manner as not to leave a mutilated body.

The wealthy Russian princess, Anna Obolensky, for some unimagineable reason, thought she had good reasons for jumping from the Eiffel Tower in Paris, as hundreds had done before her,

Rich, young, talented and happily married, yet she did not care to live.

But this was not the strangest part of the affair. Perhaps the foulest a leap from the customary spot, where there was a clear fall all the way to the ground, would not be fatal. She preferred to plunge down the inside of the tower, where her fall was interrupted by a long series of steel girders. From one to the next of these her body rebounded, finally reaching the earth in such a torn and mutilated condition as to be hardly recognizable. She must have foreseen this, but nevertheless she went ahead.

Every believer in Christianity knows perfectly well that it is contrary to the teachings of his faith to commit suicide. When a religious person does so it is the natural assumption that the fatal impulse is so strong at the moment as to make the victim forget his religion. But the facts often show that this is not the case at all. For instance, how else can one account for a man who had the ingenuity actually to crucify himself successfully?

Matthew Lovat, a shoemaker of Venice, was an unusually devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, which is as sternly opposed to self-destruction that it refuses burial to suicides in consecrated ground unless convinced that the victim was insane and therefore irresponsible at the time.

Neighbors and passersby on the street were summoned to see the figure of a half-naked man nailed to a crude cross suddenly come pitching out of a second-story window and hang dangling

Jenny Golden, Actress Idol of Paris, Who Killed Herself by Blowing Out Her Brains Because "They Had to Be Sacrificed for the Success They Brought Me."



The Baroness Sophie Boye-Garrett, Who Killed Herself by Jumping From the Top of a Florida Hotel in a Paralytic Seizure "To Break Every Bone in My Body."

from ropes over their heads. As soon as they could recover from the shock, they ran upstairs, broke in the door, pulled in the cross and removed Lovat from it; but he died.

The man had shown almost unbelievable ingenuity and ability to stand pain. He had built the cross in his room and found by experiment that it could be balanced on the window sill in such a manner that when he was on it, a slight movement would cause him to plunge, cross and all, out of the window.

This was not especially difficult, but what followed certainly was. First he bored holes where the heavy nails were to go and then tied himself to the cross with a rope around his waist. This done he drove a nail into the right arm of the cross where his right hand was to go. Next he endured the unimagi-



The Princess Anna Obolensky, Rich, Talented, Young and an Authentic Member of the Russian Nobility, Who, Fearing She Might Not Be Killed by Jumping From the Eiffel Tower, Paris, Let Herself Drop From the Top Through the Maze of Wires and Gardens Which She Knew Would Cut Her to Pieces—and They Did. With Her Is Her Bridgeman, Prince Serge Troubetzkoy.

Dr. Hugh A. Powell, the Denver Dentist, Who Placed a Big Mirror in Front of His Operating Chair, Tied Himself to the Chair, and Slowly Strangled Himself, Watching All the Time His Own Death Agony.

flicted torture of nailing his feet to the lower part of the cross. Without fainting, he shifted the mallet to his left hand and made a large hole in the palm of his right by impaling it on a nail stuck point up in the window sill. Shifting the mallet to his wounded right, he did the same thing for his left hand, and then, placing a nail in the wound, nailed it to the left side of the cross.

Dropping the mallet he picked up a knife, stabbed himself in the side, forced the nail in the right arm of the cross up through the hole in his right palm, gave a convulsive movement and plunged out the window. All this he explained with evident satisfaction as he lay dying in the hospital. His idea was that if he could manage to die in the same manner as the Saviour did, he would be forgiven for committing suicide. Of course, nothing in the teachings of his church justified such a notion.

Some suicides show an almost exaggerated consideration for others, leaving notes of apology behind and getting into the hospital so that the blood will be easy to clean up. Others, especially jumpers from high buildings, seem rather to hope they will take someone else with them to the grave.

Many Golders, a successful and popular actress of Paris, blew out her brains because she had the sudden strange idea that her success, called for some sacrifice, and there could be no better one than the brains which had brought her the success. Then there was Nina Anzenova, a Russian musical student, who tied her best friend to her and leaped to death from the highest balcony of the Moscow Grand Opera House. The Baroness Sophie Boye-Garrett thought she must "break every bone in my body," and nearly did it by jumping off the roof of a Florida hotel.

Twenty-five Russian religious fanatics belonging to a sect known as the "Old Believers" committed suicide during the czarist regime by permitting themselves to be buried alive. Their headquarters was in a barn belonging to a Madame Kovaleff, and a woman

fanatic called Vitala was the leader of the sect. When rumors reached the ears of the "Old Believers" that there was soon to be a new national census with registration for military service, it was the general feeling among them that a persecution was about to be started. They decided that death would be better than submission to the census taker. As a result Theodore, Madame Kovaleff's twenty-two-year-old son, was persuaded to furnish the manual labor involved in burying alive any who wanted to be so treated.

Promptly twenty-five of them presented themselves and Theodore obligingly buried them all alive. Then he tried to perform the same service for himself and failed. The remarkable part of their stupidity lay in choosing one of the most unpleasant deaths, when they could just as well have had Theodore blow their brains out, if they had any. It is a saying in Europe that when stupider things are done, Russians will do them.

Probably the clumsiest attempt on record is that of a patient of Dr. J. J. Levin, of London, who tried to kill himself by driving a four-inch spike through her head. She missed and pricked her fingers. At least three men in the United States have killed themselves by crawling into the flues of a furnace under a steam boiler. If their ambition was to die as painfully as possible they probably achieved it. Most people have the mistaken impression that Petronius, "arbiter elegantie" under Nero, took this way out. The story is that he and his favorite concubine lay with veins opened, chattering pleasantly until the end.

Julius Cæsar, wealthy and noted French aristocrat, lived and tried it in his Paris studio. But he found the idea that her success, called for some sacrifice, and there could be no better one than the brains which had brought her the success. Then there was Nina Anzenova, a Russian musical student, who tied her best friend to her and leaped to death from the highest balcony of the Moscow Grand Opera House. The Baroness Sophie Boye-Garrett thought she must "break every bone in my body," and nearly did it by jumping off the roof of a Florida hotel.

It has been found that would-be suicides can frequently be reasoned out of their impulse. Often they are disgracing their children or deserting wives and partners in a crisis. When this is pointed out to them by a forceful and sympathetic person, they consent to "wait it out a little longer."

After all nobody has to wait so very long for death from his own causes. It is a matter so important to the insurance companies that they are all studying the causes of suicide and their prevention. Such cases as cited here are difficult to explain.

Three Favorite Toilet Waters

Toilet Water is always a welcome gift—any of these three favorites will win for you a very special "Thank you!"

Lily of the Valley... of exceptional strength and fragrance, in a charming box. Many other odors at this price... **50c**

Cashmere Bouquet... the oldest and best known perfume in America. Comes in a beautiful Christmas box... **\$1**

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25c

Gay Gifts... Rich Gifts... Useful Gifts

Smart answers for smart givers!

Just enough luxury—just enough thrift about these attractive assortments to make them perfect for the holiday—perfect for the times!

SOMETHING useful! That's what folks want for Christmas this year. But don't think for a single moment that something useful must mean something dull. Not at all!

Colgate-Palmolive created these special holiday gift assortments to show how really delightful a useful gift can be.

Please look at these gift packages carefully. Just the items, aren't they, that everyone uses? But see how smartly packaged. How sparkling, with real holiday spirit!

Take the Palmolive Men's Assortment—that handsome package at the top. Shave

Cream—Talc—Lotion—Styptic Pencil—Soap—why, any man would like to have this complete shaving outfit—he'd like it so much better than the futile, useless Christmas gifts that so often he must pretend to like.

Then notice the lovely gift packages for women. The attractive package for baby. Useful—every one of them—but each just as Christmasy as anyone could want.

Give lots of these presents this year—make lots of people happy. If you're curtailing Christmas spending, the prices will delight you.



Baby gift box... how mothers appreciate such gifts as this! Colgate's Baby Cream is made after a formula devised by a leading baby specialist. Colgate's Baby Powder is made of finest grade Italian Talc. The Baby Cattle Soap is soft and soothing to baby skin. A truly charming gift, that **75c** baby and mother will like



\$1

Cashmere Bouquet Gift Box... Just see what this package contains—then note the low price. The toiletries are those that every woman knows and loves... Colgate's Cold Cream, soft and lovely—Colgate's Vanishing Cream—Cashmere Bouquet Perfume—Cashmere Bouquet Talc, fine and exquisitely scented—and the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap. What a gift! What a value!... **\$1**



Colgate's gift box for men... Colgate's shaving accessories are here packaged with unusual distinction and convenience. The assortment includes Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream, After-Shave Lotion, Colgate's Talc for men, a handsome bottle of Brillatone for men, and a genuine Gillette gold-plated razor... **\$2**



Cashmere Bouquet gift box... "Matched-up" toiletries are smart—and this Cashmere Bouquet ensemble will delight anyone who receives it, the toilet articles are so exceptionally fine. The ensemble includes Cashmere Bouquet Soap, Toilet Water, Perfume, and the lovely, fine-textured talcum powder... **\$1.50**



\$1 Colgate gift box for men... Any man would appreciate this genuinely practical gift—Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream, Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, the Special Talc for men—all shaving preparations of known excellence. In addition, there is Charmis Toilet Soap and a handy container for used razor blades... **\$1**



\$4

Chypre Gift Box... toilet water, perfume, and double compact containing both rouge and powder. Three toilet essentials, all in Colgate's famous Chypre fragrance. The toilet water is one of the best—and everyone knows the popularity of Chypre perfume. The entire package costs but... **\$4**

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE TOILETRIES

Why Nature Makes Such V



1—Out of the Pond Water on Some Spring Day Crawl This Repulsive, Fero-
cious Creature, Which Is the Nymph
(Undeveloped State) of the Beautiful
Dragon Fly.

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WHEN the good fairy first touched the ugly frog with her magic wand and turned the creature into a charming Prince, or transformed the horrid bat into the most beautiful Princess in all the world, these exploits were scarcely more as-
tonishing than Nature's own habit of transforming slimy, wriggling caterpillars and bugs into lovely, dainty, beautifully colored butterflies and other insects.

But why should Nature make these weird changes? Science is interested to know the answer to this question, and has worked out some theories to explain it. And it is in the rocks where specimens of fossil insects that lived and flew and turned into caterpillars, and from caterpillars into butterflies two or three hundred million years ago—it is in these fossils that science has found the ancestors of modern moths and butterflies and dragon flies and gained the clue which explains the mysterious changes of insects today.

The beautiful Luna moth shown in one set of the pictures on this page spends a part of its life-time, for example, in the form of a grub or caterpillar so little resembling its gorgeous other self that no one would believe them the same creature unless he watches the whole process by which the Luna moth emerges in the Spring from the mummy-case or cocoon in which the caterpillar has wrapped itself. One day the caterpillar, having eaten its fill for weeks of the fresh, green leaves of plants, settles down somewhere and spins the cocoon around its body, just as the other caterpillar which is called the silkworm spins the cocoon from which mankind gets all of its silk.

For a long time nothing seems to be happen-
ing. The cocoon of the caterpillar remains motionless as though all life had ceased. Invisibly, however, life is stirring inside the cocoon. Mysterious changes are going on, day by day, in the body of the caterpillar. After a time, if a naturalist opens the cocoon, he finds in it the beginnings of the body of the moth, as though Nature's sculptors were roughing out the material of which the finished insect is to be formed. Finally, one warm day in Spring or Summer, the cocoon is punctured and there crawls out a folded, crumpled and bedraggled caricature of a moth, as though someone had packed it away too carelessly, like a suit thrown into a crowded trunk.

The crumpled appearance lasts only a few minutes. Gradually the delicate wings expand and stretch as juices flow into them from the moth's body. Presently the two tail-like exten-
sions of the wings which characterize this moth expand, the colors deepen and the adult moth is complete. Then comes the next act in the moth drama; for the adult moths thus produced fly, mate and lay eggs; from which eggs there hatch presently tiny grubs which eat voraciously, grow rapidly, become new caterpillars and start the mysterious cycle all over again.

Butterflies, like the one shown on this page, also have the remarkable habit of passing in one lifetime through the caterpillar stage and the butterfly stage. In the ugly caterpillar stage, the creatures do nearly all of the eating of their lives; sometimes all of it, for there are kinds of butterflies which are not known to eat at all as long as they live. In the butterfly stage, the creature flies about, finds its mate and deposits the eggs by which its race will be continued.

In some ways a still more remarkable biography belongs to the dragon fly, whose portrait as it emerges from what is called the "nymph" stage into the form of a finished fly also are shown on this page. The dragon flies pass no part of their lives as caterpillars eating plants. Instead, they spend one stage of their existence as strange, crawling, cannibalistic creatures on the bottom of some pond or quiet place in a stream.

Often in the Summer the female dragon fly may be seen flitting rapidly over the surface of the water and dipping downward occasionally to touch the water surface with the hinder end of her body. She is busy at the important operation of egg-laying, these tiny cases of future dragon flies being dropped in groups into the water like casks lashed together and dropped overboard from a ship. Sometimes the female dragon fly crawls down the stem of some convenient plant



2—Fastening Itself to Some Plant Stem a Few Inches From the Water, the Dragon Fly Creeps Out Laboriously From the Shell in Which It Has Lived in Its Underwater Nymph Existence.



3—The Next Act in the Strange Life Drama Is as the Dragon Fly Slowly Pulls Out the Tail of the Dragon Fly Body From the Empty Nymph Case.



4—Then Juices From the Dragon Fly's Slender Body Penetrate the Compressed and Folded Wings, Slowly Ex-
panding Them, While the Body Itself Contracts in Diameter and Lengthens Slightly.



5—And Now the Dragon Fly Is Ready to Take Flight.

under water and crams her pre-
cious eggs far into the crevices in the plant stem, so that there will be no danger of their being eaten by some hungry marauder, includ-
ing the offspring of some other dragon fly.

This creature is a curious ex-
ample of a fitting name and repu-
tation, assigned to it by mistake. The folk lore of most races speaks of the dragon fly in terms of fear. It is "the devil's damning needle" that sews up little boys' ears, or it is regarded otherwise as harm-
ful to man. As a matter of fact, it is among the most harmless of insects. It has no sting or biting organs capable of annoying a hu-
man being. It is beneficial, in-
deed, through the destruction of millions of mosquitoes, gnats and other annoyers among the smaller insect groups. Dragon flies are mild mannered and pleasant neighbors—to man.

But to smaller insects the dragon fly is dragon, demon and wild beast, all rolled into one. No kind of insect, probably no flying creature of any kind, can dart so swiftly and surely through the air—which may be the reason, indeed, that the insect has its sinister reputation in human folklore. Ob-
serving its sudden dashes almost against human beings, people have imagined that some harm was in-
tended or was possible, like the imagined dashes of a flying dragon.

In fact, it is these dashes and this swift flight which mean disaster to the myriads of insects that the dragon fly catches for its food. No insect, unless it be the remarkable one that digs a trap in the sand and waits at the bottom for unwary ants to slide down into it and be devoured, has so enormous an appetite as a dragon fly. Entomologists report that a living dragon fly impaled on a pin, or with the rear part of its body cut off, will continue to eat flies that are offered it regardless of the fact that this food merely falls out of the end of the body. Forty flies, one after another, are reported by Dr. Ver-
non Kellogg as a possible dragon fly meal; about the same as though a human being ate at a single sitting three or four complete cows and a couple of wagon loads of vegetables.

In its swift flights to catch its insect victims on the wing the dragon fly makes use not of its wide open mouth, but of another contrivance probably unique in Nature. Sometimes when a baseball player misses a catch the fans tell him to "get a basket." Nature has given the dragon fly just that to catch insects with. The first three pairs of dragon fly legs are so arranged that they can be folded close to the body in the form of a funnel-shaped basket with the wide end to the front. Accordingly, when the gigantic eyes of the dragon fly, the best eyes in all insect creation, spot a luckless fly or mosquito which the hungry dragon fly fancies, the swift swoop of the larger insect catches the smaller in this leg-formed



1—The Repellent, Spiny Caterpillar Lives on the Leaves of Plants and Eats Enormous Quantities of This Vegetable Material as It Prepares for the Next Existence as a Butterfly.



2—When the Caterpillar Is Fully Grown and Through Eating It Exudes a Sticky Material and Fastens Itself by the Tail to Some Convenient Support on a Plant Stem or Leaf.



3—The Caterpillar Wraps Itself in a cocoon, at Days or Even Months Later Changes into the Form of the Butterfly Still Folded and Compressed Inside.



1—Like Other Insects, the Luna Moth Emerges From the Cocoon Where It Has Grown With Wings Compressed and Crumpled so That the Creature Cannot Fly.



2—Gradually the Wings Enlarge and Strengthen as Body Juices Are Pressed Into Them and They Come in Contact With the Sun and Air.



3—Presently the Curious Side Show Clearly, While Tail-Like Extensions of the Wings Begins to Appear.

basket, just as a baseball might be caught by an insect fielder who had a few extra pairs of legs and arms. Thence the small insect is plucked quickly by the fore feet and transferred

to the powerful jaws of the dragon fly's mouth. The ferocious nature of the dragon fly ap-
pears best, however, in the nymphs or crawling creatures which hatch out after a while from the

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Veird Changes in Insects



6—The Delicate Wings Are Almost Expanded, and Many-Lensed Eyes Are Ready to See a Going On Around in This New World.



7—The Gummy Tissue of its Wings Are Strengthened at the Front Edges by Heavy Ribs to Make Them Useful in the Creature's Rapid, Darting Flight.



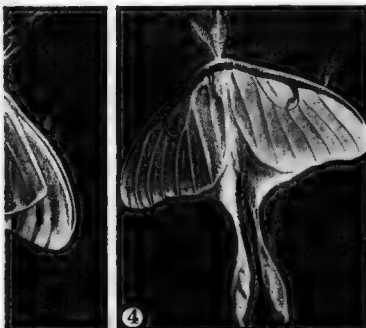
8—Finally the Dragon Fly Is Complete, the Empty Nymph Case Is Deserted Altogether and the Finished Insect Is Ready for Flight.



4—Finally the Silken Case Splits Open and the Fin-ished Butterfly Grooms Slowly Out of Its Little Home and Expands Its Wings.



5—After a Few Minutes in the Air and Sunlight the Complete Butterfly Is Ready for Flight, Mating and the Beginning of a New Generation.



4—The Two Sets of Wings Now Are Unfolded, But the Foremost Wings Still Lack Full Expansion and Cover the Mysterious "Eyes."



5—Finally the Luna Moth Is Completely Expanded, Its Feather-Like Antennae Extended and the Animal Ready for Flight and Mating.

are deposited so carefully by the mother dragon fly under the wall-r. These nymphs look more like elongated spiders than they do like dragon flies and are provided with machinery for breath-

ing water, as fish do. Instead of needing to breathe air. At the forepart of the nymph's body there is an extraordinary fishing mechanism, something like the gigantic dredges that en-

gineers use to scoop up the mud from the bottom of a lake or harbor. Ordinarily, this machine is folded up tightly around the nymph's head, so that the creature looks merely like a grayish, elongated bit of stick or stone lying on the pond bottom.

Let some careless water bug or other bottom creature come too close to this animated stick and the true nature of the ferocious nymph appears. Instantly the dredge-like machine opens, shoots out and catches the luckless insect that came too near. The powerful jaws of the nymph get to work on a new helping of its continual meal. That these nymphs are cannibals, too, and eat any of their own race that they can catch napping, has been proved by the observations of the entomologists.

These under-water nymphs of the dragon fly correspond to the voracious eaters among the caterpillars of the butterfly species. Presently the nymphs also undergo transformation into adult dragon flies. The nymph that feels the transformation coming on crawls out of the water, which has been its home from birth, up onto some convenient stem or twig of a plant. There it clings until the change shown in the photographs on this page is complete, when the finished insect is ready to fly away, hunt mosquitoes or flies, find its mate and start this insect cycle once more.

The interest of the scientists in all this is chiefly in why it happens. At first sight, the whole long, complicated process of caterpillar and butterfly, or nymph and dragon fly, seems so useless and unnecessary. Especially is this true when it is realized that nothing of the kind takes place in the oldest and most aristocratic of all living insects, the common cockroach.

More than three hundred million years ago, geologists have proved by fossils found in rocks dated by radium minerals, cockroaches existed on earth. When the nearest approach to man's line of ascent were some small, lizard-like creatures living in swamps like the newts or mud puppies of today, ages before the coming even of the dinosaurs, cockroaches already existed. In all of the great museums where there are good collections of fossils are specimens of rock from the Coal Age showing wings or other parts of cockroach bodies almost exactly like the insects of this group that are alive today.

Not only are the cockroaches the oldest living insects but they provide many clues to how other kinds of modern insects came by their present ways of life. The cockroaches have no caterpillar stage, nor any under-water nymph stage like the dragon flies. The female cockroach merely lays her eggs in some safe and convenient spot or carries them stuck to the under side of her body. When these eggs hatch no worm grub or caterpillar comes out, but merely a tiny

cockroach. This baby differs from its parents chiefly in size and in one other particular. It has no wings. For a year or more it grows, sheds its hard skin once in a while as crabs or lobsters do, and finally develops its wings and becomes an adult insect.

All of which proves, no matter how complicated may be the caterpillar and butterfly cycle of other insects, that the insect group was not always like this, but once produced its young in the simpler fashion, which this oldest, most aristocratic and conservative family of the cockroaches still prefers. The problem, then, is how did the other insects come to do anything else? Especially, how did the still more complicated and mystifying habits of the social insects like the ants and the bees come into existence?

About this, too, the researchers of the geologists and fossil experts, disentangling from the midst of ancient rocks the impressions and scattered wing cases and other signs of insects dead for hundreds of millions of years, have important things to say. Several years ago a distinguished Italian entomologist, Dr. Antonio Berlese, proposed a new theory of why some insects hatch out in a grub or caterpillar stage instead of all hatching as finished insects, like the cockroaches. The chief cause, he suggested, is that the egg hatches too soon.

It is a general rule of life, biologists know, that every creature in the course of its individual development from the egg tends to go through somewhat the same stages as are believed to have been passed through by that creature's race in the course of evolution. Even a human being, it is known, has a stage in its development which closely resembles a worm and another stage which resembles a fish, even to having gills and slits for them in the sides of the neck as a fish has. Not long ago in Germany biologists discovered an adult man in whose neck these ancestral gill slits still were visible, having persisted accidentally after the age at which they usually disappear.

The egg of the insect, Dr. Berlese's theory says, is no exception to this rule. It is well known to microscopists that inside the eggs even of such insects as the cockroach which do not emerge as grubs or caterpillars there is a stage at which the young developing insect has a form believed to resemble that of the ancestral worm from which, perhaps a billion years ago, the first sea creatures resembling the insects were produced. This cockroach-worm, like the worm stage or the gill stage of a higher animal, is passed entirely within the egg and hidden from the world. Such animals, lower or higher, are complete before they emerge.

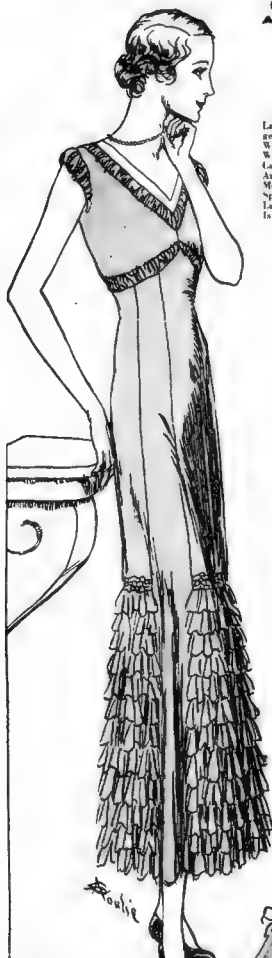
What has happened to the ancestors of the butterflies, the theory goes, is that this worm-like creature inside the egg gets out too soon. Thus it emerges as a worm or grub and must live thus for a time and eat more food before it can complete its normal development into a finished insect. In a sense, it is prematurely born. The egg breaks before the creature is entirely ready to lose it.

Nature, however, never works by accident, and there must be some good reason, it is agreed, why this habit of the butterfly race to be born too soon has persisted and become universal in that class of insects, no matter how it may have originated in the beginning. There is good reason, students of biology believe, to trace this back to the time of the giant dinosaurs or just before and to blame the change on changes in the climate of the earth.

There is already reason to believe, on the basis of other fossils both plant and animal, that the latter part of the Coal Age and probably the first part of the succeeding geologic period, which experts call the Permian Period, were unusually warm. During the Coal Age itself the earth seems also to have been moist. In the next age it seems to have become drier, so that warm, moist seasons alternated, perhaps, with colder and drier ones. It is certain, too, that creatures like the modern cockroaches, which hatched their young resembling the adults instead of as grubs, existed both in the Coal Age itself and

Dressing the Debutante

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the
Studios of the Most Distinguished French
Dress Creators,
Drawn by Soulie,
Foremost
Fashion Artist
of Paris



—On the Right—
Lavin Model at *Pale Pink* Georgette Crepe. It is *Made* With a Wide Skirt and a *Scandalous*, High-Waisted Bodice. With Her Favorite Cape Covering *Alone Made* the Arm. The Special Point of the Model is the Appliqued Flowers, spaced All Over the Skirt, Made of Large Petals of White Satin. There is a Loose-Petalled Flower in the Center of the Cape in Front.

—On the Left—
Formal Afternoon Dress, Which May Serve for Informal Evening as Well. The Frill is of Black Chiffon, Made With a Skirt in Sections, the Bottom of Each Section Being Trimmed With Bands of Little Frills. The Top of Each Frill is Shirred on a Cord. The Empire Bodice is of Pink Chiffon, With Little Puffed Bands of Black Laid Into It. The Frill is Sleeveless and Quite Low in the Back. With It May Be Worn a Tiny Bolero of the Black Chiffon, With Frills Over the Shoulders and Round the Arms and Tied in Front in a Large Bow. Model by Christiane.



Gown of Periwinkle Blue. The Skirt is Slim in Its Lines, But Has Considerable Disguised Fullness at the Hem, Which Just Escapes the Floor. The Bodice and Sleeves Are Cut in One. The Sleeve Is New, With Pinpoints in Pointed Lines. One Side Is Finished With a Velvet Ribbon With Long Ends, and the Other in a Neat Bow. The Neck Is the Best Neck Line Ever, and the Belt Is Above the Natural Place. Brynere Model.

An Agnes-Dreoll Debutante Gown of Grey Starched Chiffon. The Wide Skirt Is Stuffed With Box Folded Frills of the Same, Arranged So that They Turn in Different Directions. The Little Waistline Is Very High, and the Bodice Is Made of a Little Bolero of Grey Satin Velvet, Trimmed With Ruffles of the Grey Starched Chiffon. In the Front There Is Shirring. With This Is Carried a Little Muff of Grey Satin Velvet, Shirred on Cord, and Bordered With a Velvet Frill.



PARIS, Nov. 17.
THE debutante of this season will need a wardrobe rather different from those of other years. Formal entertaining is less in vogue than it was, and she will find herself needing special types of gowns to be worn to special types of social affairs. Several of these types are shown on this page.
For her presentation to society, of course, the loveliest frock will be chosen. She may make her bow at an afternoon reception, at a dinner and dance, or at a real "ball," according to circumstances. For the latter, two frocks are shown here: a charming vaporous affair from Lavin, as modern as any modern girl could wish, and a delightful model from Agnes-Dreoll, modern, too, but with just a hint of old-fashioned modesty about it, which is exactly what suits some girls best of all.

Lavin has been known as the young girl's dressmaker ever since she first attracted attention by the engaging frocks that she made for her own little daughter. She thinks that a girl should look like a girl. There will be plenty of time later to wear adult modes. Her gowns of taffeta and faille, with their monome skirts, and their little capes and boleros of spangles, are famous on both sides of the Atlantic. This season, she has chosen fragile materials for some of these special debutante models. One sketched is of pale pink georgette crepe, made interesting by applications of large flowers, with white satin petals. The shoulders are veiled in Lavin's favorite way, and the décolleté is not exaggerated, but the skirt is very long and quite full over its slender slip.

The other formal gown, from Agnes-Dreoll, shows an unusual combination of materials and colors—starched chiffon, or the new silk organdie called organe, in grey, and velvet in a brilliant shade of geranium red. The skirt is wide, and striped throughout its length with plaited ruffles. The little jacket-bodice is of velvet, also ruffled with the grey organe. Instead of a bouquet, the debutante carries a muff of geranium velvet, corded, shirred and bordered with a frill.

As she is a modern girl, she will need dresses of the type that we call "Sunday evening gowns." Brynere offers a charming one in periwinkle blue georgette crepe. It has the slim pillar-line, and the high waist becoming to youth. It also has original sleeves, stopping at the elbow. Sleeves are so varied this year that they are worth a study in themselves. So many things have been done to them, that it seems impossible to find further originality, but Brynere has done it. Notice the little bands that finish them, tied in a little bow on one arm, and in a bow with long ends on the other.

These three gowns have long skirts, because they are primarily intended for wear after seven o'clock. But the debutante, especially if she is to be presented at an afternoon affair, will need a frock with an ankle-length skirt. She will find many uses for this type, especially if it is combined with one of the intriguing little jackets, boleros, or capelets, which make it appropriate either for afternoon or informal evening wear. This frock is in a combination

of black and pale pink chiffon. The skirt is black, cut in narrow sections, each one frilled at the hem with little ruffles of chiffon. The bodice is of pink chiffon, trimmed with chiffon bands shirred on each side on a cord. It is rather high necked in the front, but quite décolleté in the back. This fact alone allows it to be worn for informal evening, without its little bolero. For afternoon, the bolero can be worn either with or without the addition of a hat, depending on the type of entertainment. This would also be a charming theatre gown.

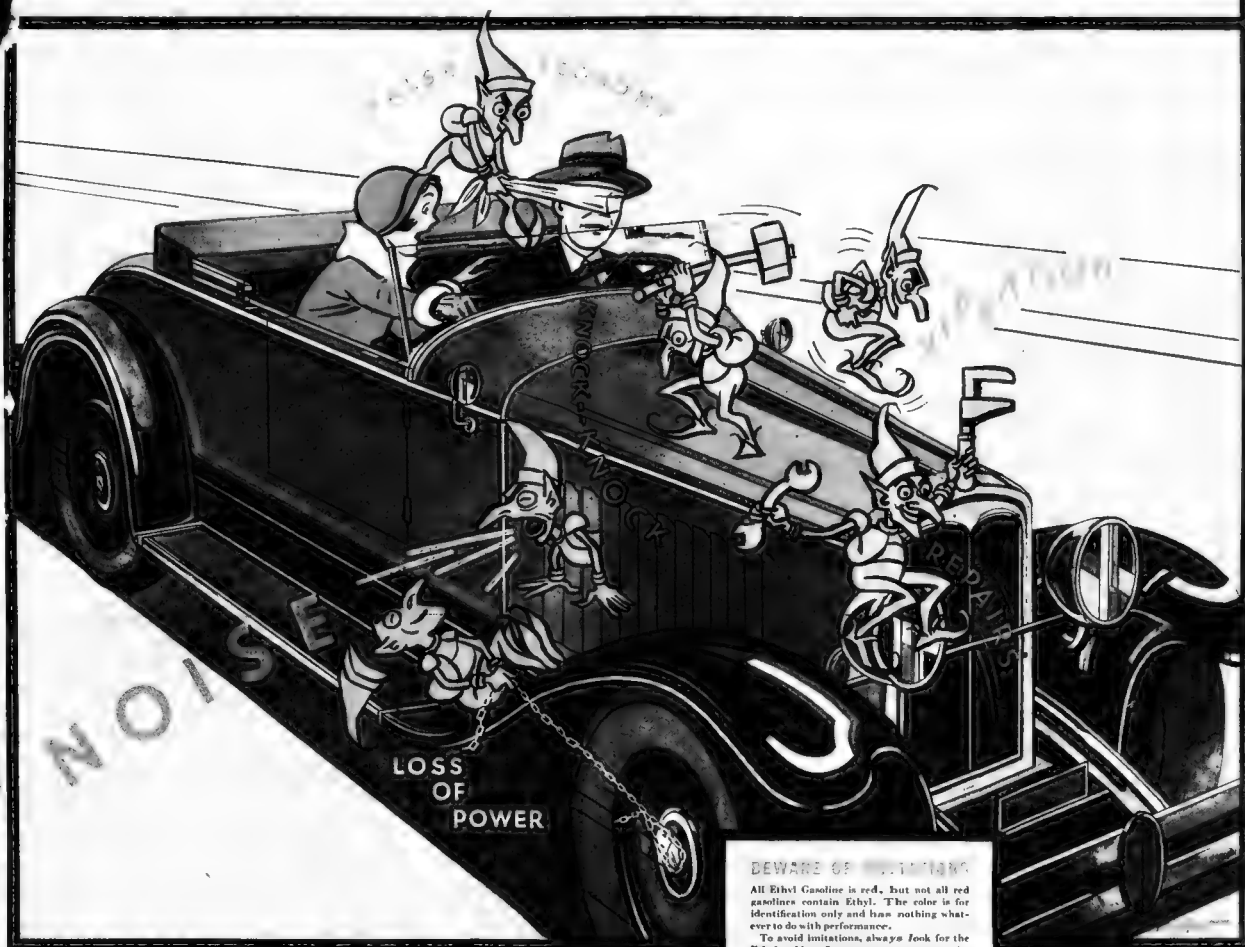
Sometimes the modern debutante rebels a bit at wearing girlish models, and demands sophistication in her clothes. This is really a pity, as she will look much more adorable in frocks that are appropriate to her age. The colors of this Winter are particularly flattering to her. All the panels belong to her by right of youthful freshness, but she can wear the rich jewel colors, reds, greens and blues, equally well. If she has an irresistible desire of evening black, let it be thin vaporous black, combined with light or bright color, as in the Christiane model in black and pink. Black, of course, has the great advantage of

tiring neither its wearer nor her observers, and a fragile black frock can be worn more often than a colored one, particularly by the debutante in the smaller town, who sees the same set or people over and over again.

But there are other dark colors, newer than black, and just as practical. In almost all the French dressmaking houses, there is at least one evening gown in the new deep brown; several in deep red (particularly becoming to the girl with bright complexion, because it makes her look pale and interesting, but not for the girl who is too pale already); and often, a model or two in a deep shade of green. While there is one purple gown in every Paris collection, I should not advise purple for a debutante; orchid or pale Parma violet is another matter, if she is sure that neither makes her look older.

She should leave the grey alone, unless she has a complexion of absolute pink and white, when it may be irresistible. White, of course, is her traditional prerogative, and a clever choice, because it may be touched with color in accessories, as in flowers, caplet or scarf, and so varied that it may be worn very often even among the same group of friends.

BLINDED BY PRICE



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl. The color is for identification only and has nothing whatever to do with performance.

To avoid imitations, always look for the Ethyl emblem. It appears on every pump (or its globe) from which Ethyl Gasoline is sold.

AT THE wheel of this car is a blind man. Blind because he lets FALSE ECONOMY close his eyes to the real facts of gasoline value.

He thinks he is saving money by using gasoline that costs a few cents less than Ethyl. He doesn't see the imps of "KNOCK," "NOISE," "VIBRATION," "REPAIRS," "POWER-LOSS," and "MONEY-WASTE."

They are the friends and relatives of Poor Gasoline. Whenever Poor Gasoline gets a ride, they invite themselves along. Before anyone tempts you to put INFERIOR gasoline in your car—THINK! THE REAL MEASURE OF GASOLINE ECONOMY IS NOT PRICE PER GALLON,

BUT THE AMOUNT OF POWER YOU GET FOR YOUR MONEY—AND THE WAY THAT POWER TREATS YOUR ENGINE.

That's why millions of motorists use Ethyl Gasoline. The cost of Ethyl will increase your yearly gasoline bill slightly, but the economies Ethyl Gasoline will make on other items of car expense mean a big saving in the long run.

The Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline prevents harmful knock with its power waste and overheating. It cuts down engine wear-and-tear, which runs up repair bills and lessens car life and trade-in value. It lets you space carbon removals farther apart. It saves gas and oil by less choking for cold weather starting and

less gear shifting on hills and in traffic. These savings more than offset the additional cost of Ethyl.

The next time YOU buy gasoline, remember the man in the picture. Remember how he let FALSE ECONOMY blind him. Say to yourself, "I'm going to keep my eyes open!" Look for the ETHYL EMBLEM ON THE PUMP. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

BEST FOR WINTER, TOO

The Ethyl Gasoline sold during winter months is good, quick-starting gasoline plus the greater power Ethyl fluid adds for driving in snow, slush and mud. Like yourself, Ethyl changes its coat to suit the season, thus bringing out your car's best performance every day of the year.



Ethyl fluid contains lead. © R. C. C. 1933

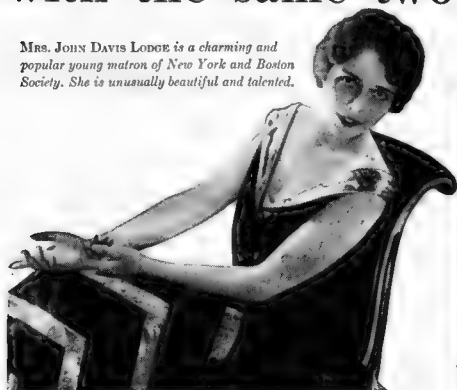
Save your motor and save money with

ETHYL GASOLINE

Society girl—exotic Dancer

Francesca Braggiotti Lodge has cared for her beauty
with the same two creams *all her life*

Mrs. JOHN DAVIS LODGE is a charming and popular young matron of New York and Boston Society. She is unusually beautiful and talented.



"Women should live for loveliness," says this engaging young woman, as she tells frankly about her own method of skin care...

"Why, women should be ashamed not to be beautiful," is one of Mrs. Lodge's striking statements. "It's so easy to keep your skin lovely."

And she has very definite praise for the Two Creams she has used all her life.

"First—cleansing," she emphasizes. "Pond's Cold Cream gets the skin really clean. No matter what price you pay, nothing else cleanses so marvelously."

"Smooth it on so—finger tips pressing lightly but firmly. Always moving upward and outward."

"Relax... Now wipe away the cream with Pond's Cleansing Tissues... Pond's Cold Cream and Cleansing Tissues are all you need for the most exquisite cleanliness!"

"Finished? Not yet! No fastidious woman puts powder right on her face without a protecting foundation. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives just the protection our skin needs to keep it fine and smooth."

Mrs. Lodge uses "just powder... and a touch of lipstick... no rouge!"

Under her powder, she uses Pond's Vanishing Cream. "It gives the loveliest peach-bloom finish

and you needn't powder again for hours. No other foundation makes the skin so exquisite."

"That's all! I never neglect this routine!"

At bedtime Mrs. Lodge cleanses always with Cold Cream and Tissues to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, she smooths in fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate. This special ritual "keeps away wrinkles!"

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
Mrs. Lawrence Coolidge
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth of Greece
Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse
are among the many beautiful women of distinction who use and praise Pond's Two Creams.



With hair golden as *Mélisande's*, dark starry eyes and exquisite, delicate skin, Francesca Braggiotti Lodge is a radiantly beautiful woman. She says: "With all my heart I believe in beauty. Just as important as the body's natural grace is the natural charm of a lovely skin."

Francesca Braggiotti Lodge is a dancer of unusual talent. Here she is interpreting "Slave of Fatal Enchantment" in *Sumurun*, a musical pantomime. She has justly won a devoted audience.



Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream have faithfully served the beauty of lovely women the world over. Here are some of the uses for which these creams are justly famous...



Pond's Cold Cream... a Grand Cleanser. Gets your skin both clean and refreshed at the same time. Goes into the skin beautifully. Not heavy. Can't clog the pores. Not extra-light and drying.



To Take Away a Drowsy Tired Look. After cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, give your face a fresh creaming and let it stay on a few minutes while you rest. You both feel and look like new! The oils in Pond's Cold Cream make

the skin supple and rested.
Pond's Vanishing Cream... To Protect from Chapping. Marvelous for that! Forms an invisible film that keeps the skin from drying and cracking.
To Heal Roughness. It softens and smooths away



tiny particles of dried skin about to scale off.
Holds Powder—keeps Faces Clean. Makes a smooth base to which powder clings, and keeps dust and dirt from pores.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. R • 142 Madison St., New York
Please send me (check choice): Pond's Vanishing Cream in attractive glass jar, Light Cream (), Rose Cream (), Rosewater (), Natural (),
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ().

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

TUNE IN on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Continuous music rhythm for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and NBC Network

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Have

Gray Hair



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

HAVING GRAY HAIR has been a problem for many women. It is a problem that can be solved in a simple and easy way. The secret is in the use of a special hair cream. This cream is made from natural ingredients and is gentle on the hair. It does not contain any harsh chemicals or dyes. It simply combes away the gray hair, leaving the hair looking young and healthy. The cream is easy to use and can be applied to the hair every day. It is a true miracle for women who want to keep their hair looking young and beautiful.

How It Works
When you apply the cream to your hair, it penetrates the hair shaft and reaches the root. It then combes away the gray hair, leaving the hair looking young and healthy. The cream is easy to use and can be applied to the hair every day. It is a true miracle for women who want to keep their hair looking young and beautiful.

FREE
We will send you a free sample of the cream. Simply fill out the coupon and send it to us. We will send you the sample free of charge.

CORNS INSTANT RELIEF!



Removes Corns
For immediate relief from corns and calluses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These soft, cushioning pads remove the cause, prevent corns from returning, and relieve the pain. They are easy to use and can be applied to the corn every day. They are a true miracle for people who suffer from corns and calluses.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!



**To Gain, a Child must
EAT**

Mothers, it is not the stomach, but a bowel condition that keeps so many children from eating.

Parents shouldn't coax a child to eat. Nature knows best. Healthy children are hungry. If pale, listless, and without appetite, they have stasis. Not to correct this sluggishness is incurable. Read what the "California treatment" is doing for plump, healthy children all over the United States!

Nature provides a simple remedy for stasis. The only "medicine" required is some pure California syrup of figs. It stimulates a sluggish child's colon muscles, and has no effect whatever on the twenty-two of infants which strong purgatives purge.

Start this wonderful treatment today. Any druggist has California syrup of figs, all bottled, with full directions. It is enough at first. Cleanse the clogged colon of every bit of poison and hard waste. Then just a little twice a week until the child's appetite, color, weight and spirits tell you the stasis is gone. It may take four weeks if a child is all run down, but he'll be worth it, to have constipation conquered?

CAUTION

Some stores will try to sell a substitute even when it is for a child. Be sure you get the real California Syrup of Figs.

The Justice of the Desert

By Joan Kennedy

Synopsis of Pleading Chapters.

MICHAEL HARDING, the druggist, is a young man from the East. He is a young man of about 25 years of age. He is a young man of about 25 years of age. He is a young man of about 25 years of age.

WARREN BAER, a young man from the West, is a young man of about 25 years of age. He is a young man of about 25 years of age. He is a young man of about 25 years of age.

LOLA, a young woman from the West, is a young woman of about 25 years of age. She is a young woman of about 25 years of age. She is a young woman of about 25 years of age.

BEER FLUNG HIS ARMS AROUND MOLLE AND DREW HER CLOSE. HIS DARK EYES BLAZING WITH AN AWAKENED DESIRE TO SHOW HIS DOMINATION OVER HER.

CHAPTER VI.
Lola's Treachery.

His first part of her journey was to be made by train. Just as the whole company was at the station, he saw her.

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Beer Flung His Arms Around Mollie and Drew Her Close. His Dark Eyes Blazing With an Awakened Desire to Show His Domination Over Her.

Mollie closed her eyes. She could still hear the song of love which she had heard in the desert.

A babel of voices called her to open her eyes, and so she saw the desert of mystery. They had left behind them now the mountainous country and before them lay the golden wastes. And the sun was going down in all

its splendor, bathing that world of sand in an amber glow, flushing the horizon with glory.

In spite of her address there was a thrill about the all-shouting of the servants, the quick erection of tents, a fire started, the purring of the camels, and before them the desert.

At some distance they could see a small oasis, marking a patch of green in the tawny wastes. Lola pointed it out.

"See?" she cried. "We ride out after supper in the moonlight. It will be fine. So I see the desert for the first time under the moon!"

Then came the meal in the large tent, laughter and talk, and Lola the servant of them all. But she had not forgotten her wish to ride out to the oasis and leaped up after the moon rose, demanding two horses.

"Why two?" they asked.

"But Mollie will come with me—yes!" There was a half sneer in her voice as she said, "Of course, if Mollie is afraid to come I can go alone!"

The remark stung Mollie. Afraid? Of course, she was afraid. "I'll come with you, Lola," she said. "I'd like to ride in the desert by moonlight. It'll be great fun."

"Better not go farther than the oasis," said Warren Baer. "Don't be a madcap, Lola. If you want to do it, why can't you wait till dawn?"

"For a good reason," she told him. "Tomorrow night and all the tomorrows, the desert will be still. Tonight it is fresh and a thing to be explored. When we have traveled across it I shall know it, see!"

The two started after the moon had risen. It made the desert almost as light as day. "It is good," cried Lola. "This so big desert thrills me. I could go riding and on and on and on!"

Her strange eyes held a queer glow. She flicked her horse with the whip she carried and he tore across the flat desert. When Mollie overtook her she had

reined up on the other side of the oasis and was staring into the vast distance.

"Look at it!" she cried. "How would you like to be lost out there? Imagine it—to ride and ride and ride and never come to anything. And to die at last out there, unknown except to the birds of prey!"

Mollie shuddered. "Oh, Lola, don't!" she said. "You make me flush, creep."

"But it could be cruel—the desert," said Lola, "very cruel." She started at Mollie, whose clear-cut profile was outlined in the moonlight. The girl had sneered the man she coveted, and she had captured Warren Baer, too. It was not for nothing that she had come out here where the oasis gave shelter and none could see.

Cleverly she backed her mount so that Mollie was ahead of her. The girl seemed wrapped up in the magic of the desert scene. Lola smiled—an unpleasant smile. All that dormant evil which lay hidden showed for a second in her face.

She raised her whip with a steady hand and brought it down sharply on the flank of Mollie's horse.

The sensitive beast reared, plunged, quivered, the unexpected blow and tore madly away, terrified and beyond control.

How Mollie kept her seat was a miracle. She was a good rider, but she was a girl, and she was a girl.

(Continued on Page 19)

Don't let Others have all the Fun...



BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you use *internally clean* You have sparkle, charm—you are no longer a plain half-awake. Start taking Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

Get the Poisons Out of Your System... Begin to Enjoy Life... Start with Sal Hepatica

If other people are having all the fun, there's something the matter with you. Man or woman, young or old, rich or poor—you can't expect to enjoy sparkling health while poisons clog your system.

To feel fine, you must be internally clean. Take the saline treatment with Sal Hepatica. You'll begin to have fun yourself. And you'll not only feel a hundred per cent better, but you'll look a hundred per cent better!

Today—at your drug store—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning when you get up, pour two teaspoons or so of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of water—and drink down the sparkling mixture.

Sal Hepatica is not "just another laxative." When you take Sal Hepatica, you are taking the famous saline treatment. For Sal Hepatica gives the same benefits as the saline springs of the great European health spas.

Sal Hepatica does far more than any ordinary laxative can do. It not only cleanses the digestive tract, but it clears away poisons from the bloodstream. It gets at the causes of headaches, colds, digestive disorders, rheumatism, and skin blemishes. It never has a tendency to make its users stout. Get a bottle today!

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoons before meals and retiring.

CONSTIPATION—Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonsful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE—To relieve the intestinal congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS—The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonsful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION—To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM—As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoons before meals and retiring.

SAL HEPATICA 30¢ 60¢ \$1.20

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Heats and reheats itself without hot water without electricity without fuss - - -



The new
Torridaire
Double-Heat Pad

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Christmas Candies That Are Different

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Candy Making Without a Thermometer.
By all means use a candy thermometer if you have one. If you have not, paste this table in your book of candy recipes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee. Luncheon Broiled Sausage Balls, Potatoes and Apples, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Corn Muffins, Custard. Dinner Roast Shoulder of Lamb, Gravy, Boiled Potatoes or Noodles, Green Vegetable, Diced Turnips, Currant Jelly, Mystery Mousse.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Golden Muffins, Coffee. Luncheon Cream of Vegetables, Crescents, Waldorf Salad, Chow Waters, Russets, Custard. Dinner Roast Lamb in Gravy (Left-Over), Mashed Potatoes, Macaroni and Cheese, Canned Sweetstarch Potatoes, Trifle, Ginger Cakes.	Breakfast Fruit or Tomato Juice, Creamed Salt Pork, Baked Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee. Luncheon Cream of Vegetables, Crescents, Waldorf Salad, Chow Waters, Russets, Custard. Dinner Roast Lamb in Gravy (Left-Over), Mashed Potatoes, Macaroni and Cheese, Canned Sweetstarch Potatoes, Trifle, Ginger Cakes.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, French Toast, Apple Marmalade, Coffee. Luncheon Emergency Crescents, (Left-Over), Grape Jelly, Creamed Potatoes or Squash, Peas, Golden Corn Bread, Favorite Green Salad, Black Cherry Tarts, Dinner Lime Beef Soup, Tuna Fish, Paprika Crackers, Cocoa Pudding, Spiced Apples, Heart Candy, Hot Rolls, Chocolate Pudding.	Breakfast Fruit, Coffea Omelette, Hazel Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee. Luncheon Baked Beans or Baked Macaroni, Raisin Breads, Baked Potatoes with Parsi- cal Butter, Heart Candy, Lettuce with California Dressing, Pumpkin Pie with Cream and Whipped Cream. Dinner Assorted Sandwiches, Sauce, Cinnamon Toast, Milk.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Omelette, Stewed Fruit, Coffee. Luncheon Baked Beans or Baked Macaroni, Raisin Breads, Baked Potatoes with Parsi- cal Butter, Heart Candy, Lettuce with California Dressing, Pumpkin Pie with Cream and Whipped Cream. Dinner Assorted Sandwiches, Sauce, Cinnamon Toast, Milk.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Omelette, Stewed Fruit, Coffee. Luncheon Baked Beans or Baked Macaroni, Raisin Breads, Baked Potatoes with Parsi- cal Butter, Heart Candy, Lettuce with California Dressing, Pumpkin Pie with Cream and Whipped Cream. Dinner Assorted Sandwiches, Sauce, Cinnamon Toast, Milk.

glass of cold water will form a soft ball just firm enough to be picked up. 250 degrees is the hard ball stage—when a few drops in a glass of cold water will form a firm ball.

260 degrees is the soft crack stage—when a few drops in the bottom of a glass of cold water are too hard to form into a ball. 290 degrees is the hard crack stage—when a few drops in a glass of cold water will form into hard drops in the bottom. 330 degrees is the beginning of the caramel stage.

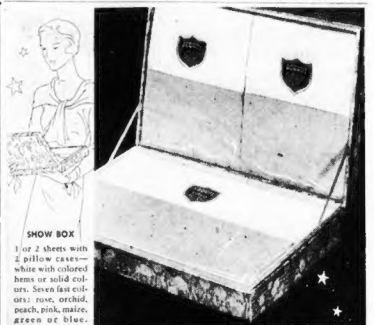
Pistachio Taffy.
MIX two pounds granulated sugar, one pound corn syrup and one cup water. Cook until sugar thermometer registers 254 degrees. Add one cup blanched, chopped pistachio nuts and flavor with a few drops of pistachio extract. Pour into cold oil or platters and when cold and firm enough to handle pull until light and fluffy. Cut with sharp shears in small pieces onto oiled plates or waxed paper. Wrap each piece in waxed paper.

Favorite Butter Scotch.
MIX 2 1/2 pounds light brown sugar, 1 pint water, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar and a pinch of salt. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Do not stir longer. Cook until syrup registers 256 degrees on sugar thermometer. Add 1 cup butter and 4 drops oil of lemon, mixing carefully. Pour into an oiled platter. When cool turn out on an oiled marble table or slab and cut into pieces for serving. Wrap in waxed paper.

Home Made Popcorn Balls.
SELECT improved variety of popcorn. Pop 3 pounds of the shelled popcorn and keep on top of stove to keep warm. Mix 1 pound granulated sugar, 1 cup light brown sugar, 1 cup water and 1/2 cup corn syrup. Stir until sugar is dissolved and stir until sugar registers 256 degrees on sugar thermometer. Add 1 cup butter and 4 drops oil of lemon, mixing carefully. Pour into an oiled platter. When cool turn out on an oiled marble table or slab and cut into pieces for serving. Wrap in waxed paper.

Nut Patties.
MIX 2 1/2 pounds maple sugar and 1 pint water. Cook to 249 degrees on sugar thermometer. Add 1/2 cup butter and continue cooking until syrup registers 250 degrees. Add 1/2 pound chopped pecan or other nut meats and pour into small oiled muffin rings placed on marble slab. When cold remove from rings and wrap each patty in waxed paper.

Candied Ginger.
SCALD and peel ginger root and cut in pieces for serving. Boil up three times in separate waters, then measure and add an equal quantity of granulated sugar and as much warm water. Bring slowly to boiling point and cook gently until clear and tender. Drain, roll in granulated sugar and spread on waxed paper to dry.



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A SLENDING DRESS FOR SCHOOL OR HOME WEAR (7497). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 with long sleeves will require 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves, 2 yards.

DOLL'S DRESS (7733). Designed in sizes for dolls: 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inch long. It requires 1/2 yard of 32-inch material for size 14 if made as in the large view. If made with long sleeves, 3/4 yard. The collar and contrasting material requires one-sixth yard 16 inches wide.

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